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THE MAGAZINE FOR A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

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ISSUE #34

FOR MEN

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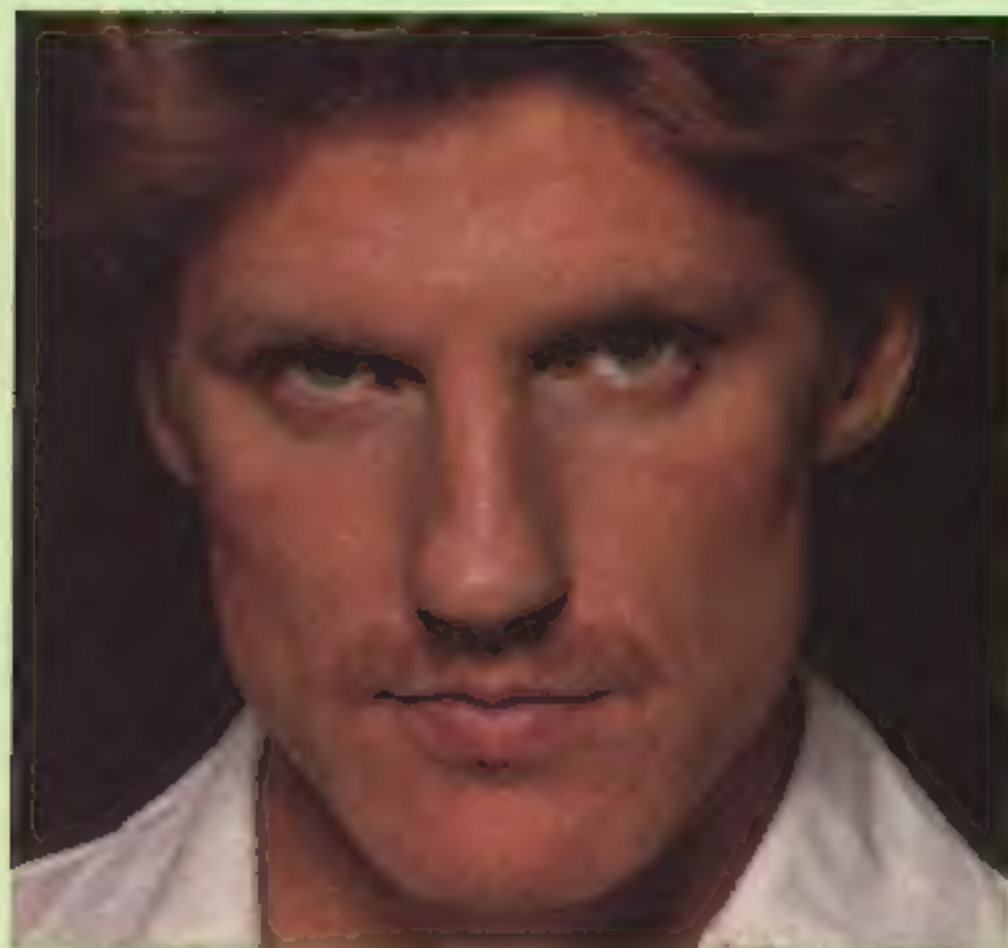
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ISSUE #34

IN TOUCH For Men, Issue 34 (Mar./Apr., 1978). Published bi-monthly by IN TOUCH, Inc., 1316 North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90027. Opinions expressed in by-lined articles and letters are those of the writers and do not necessarily represent the opinions of IN TOUCH For Men. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in articles or advertising in IN TOUCH For Men is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such persons or organizations. Contents of the magazine may not be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. ©1978 by IN TOUCH, Inc.

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Subscription rate: 6 issues, \$12.00; 12 issues, \$20.00; 24 issues, \$38.00. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, California and additional offices. IN TOUCH For Men's list of subscribers is confidential. This is not sold, rented, traded or released to anyone at any time.

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1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION In Touch, Inc.	2. PUBLICATION NO. 6415270	3. DATE OF FILING 10/27/1977
4. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE Bi-monthly	5. NO. OF ISSUES PUBLISHED ANNUALLY 61,000	6. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$20.00
7. LOCATION OF ANNUAL OFFICE OF PUBLICATION (Street, City, County, State and ZIP Code) (Not printer) 1316 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027		
8. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS (Not printer) Same as above		
9. NAMES AND COMPLETE ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR		
PUBLISHER (Name and address) Daniel Roth 1316 S. Western Los Angeles, CA 90027		
EDITOR (Name and address) Roger Margason		
MANAGING EDITOR (Name and address)		
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13. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	ACTUAL NO. COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED (Net from Run)	61,000	61,000
B. PAID CIRCULATION 1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES	50,800	50,800
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS	6,000	6,000
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION (Sum of B.1 and B.2)	56,800	56,800
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS, SAMPLES, COMPLIMENTARY, AND OTHER FREE COPIES	1,000	1,000
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION (Sum of C. and D.)	57,800	57,800
F. COPIES NOT DISTRIBUTED 1. OFFICE USE, LEFT OVER, UNRECORDED, SPOILED, OTHER PRINTING	1,000	1,000
2. RETURNS FROM NEWS AGENTS	1,200	1,200
G. TOTAL (Sum of E., F.1 and F.2) (Should equal net from run above)	61,000	61,000
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IN TOUCH models and staff, including (from l.) Raul Castillo, editor Roger Margason, and publisher Frank Roedel, manned IN TOUCH's booth at Gay Faire '77.

Back in November of 1977 (remember 1977?), while Issue #33 was on the press, IN TOUCH participated in Los Angeles' Gay Faire '77, showing the flag and meeting our readers. The single most lasting impression we, and many who attended, took away from the Faire was the truth and the power of the old cliché: "In unity there is strength."

Any gay who has ever attended a gay parade, a gay rally, or any event with gay-based objectives and in which gays were the majority, know the tremendously positive sense of belonging, of strength, that permeates the atmosphere and sometimes becomes almost tangible.

The positive qualities of "mob psychology" are experienced, from time to time, by nearly everyone, straight or gay. America's Bicentennial celebration on July 4, 1976, is one recent example of the elation that can be felt when masses of people get together in a positive frame of mind. For gays participating in gay-dominated events, however, this sense of unity and strength is particularly heady simply because homosexuals are so frequently raised feeling totally alone — often not realizing until they are teenagers or older that there are millions of others like themselves.

Though IN TOUCH does not concern itself with politics, we fully recognize the fact that there is such a thing as "gay power" and that such power can be a tremendous force for good. The awareness of this power is the first step in utilizing it. So we urge our readers to be aware — and to participate, to whatever degree they feel comfortable, in any activity or program which can advance the cause of human rights (and, by extension, gay rights).

Every gay must find his own gay awareness and use it for the good of us all.

IN TOUCH's awareness is of the need of gays to be informed and entertained, and to that end, we present Issue #34. You'll find, hopefully, much herein to lighten your spirits and to reassure you that, not only are you not alone, but that you belong to a group that is America's second-largest minority: articles on Seattle, gay bars, gay film, a survey on sexy men; the disco scene; photo features on some far-out art; our usual hunky nude models — the whole thing splashed throughout with lots of color.

Enjoy.

editorial

IN TOUCH WITH...

MOVIES

Now that the publicity hype surrounding Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* has subsided somewhat, it's possible to discuss the film in less reverential terms than those normally applied to the *Second Coming*.

Many critics seem to be dismayed that Spielberg made a commercial movie and not a documentary tract illustrating the orthodox UFO party line. Perhaps those critics didn't see *Jaws*.

Like "Jaws," like *Star Wars* for that matter, "Close Encounters" is a warm Jacuzzi for the soul. It is as close as we ever get in America to a shared community experience. Although it is sentimental and clumsily worked out, "Close Encounters" still leaves the audience feeling gooey and satisfied.

Probably because it dispenses — along with Douglas Trumbull's grace and sophisticated special effects — that goofy, warmed-over, Frank Capra-style optimism-cum-nostalgia that is in such great demand today.

The film will make a lot of money. It was designed to and, in many ways, it deserves to. But that is a far different matter than saying the film is without flaw. It is a different matter even than saying it isn't ludicrous at times.

Spielberg's script, for instance, is nothing short of banal. Often he condescends to the material; often, tongue planted firmly in his cheek, he keeps his cool at the expense of believability.

"Don't you think I'm taking this awfully well?", Richard Dreyfuss's wife (Teri Garr) asks after he tells her about his first encounter with the UFOs. We appreciate the irony, but it distances us too, lets us know that we don't have to take any of this seriously. There is a lot of that sort of thing.

On the other hand, if we take Spielberg at his word and genuinely *don't* take the film seriously, it soon collapses itself like an intellectual soufflé.

Spielberg steals from everybody; from Hitchcock frequently (*The Birds*, *North by Northwest*); but also from Spielberg. It is when he is panting most strenuously after "Jaws"-like surprises that he is most in danger of losing his poise.

After the special effects, Spielberg's most deft stroke was casting French filmmaker Francois Truffaut as Claude Lacombe, the vaguely identified scientist who seems to be in charge of the UFO greeting committee.

If they ever do come from space, let's hope they somehow locate Truffaut to take them to our leader. Truffaut's handsome Gallic face and taut, self-possessed body express all that is best in humankind, all that is intelligent and kind.

Dressed to chic perfection in a Yves St Laurent suit, Truffaut makes it seem an act of outrageous act of inter-galactic lese majeste not to have landed in France in the first place, thus sparing Truffaut the necessity of dealing with our obscurantist military establishment.

Spielberg's devotion to Richard Dreyfuss's unique screen personality is once again well-founded. Dreyfuss's renegade smile, his wildly spontaneous laughter (after George C. Scott's, the best in the business) are the outward signs of an inward decision-making process that — in this era of catatonic acting styles — is a throwback to an earlier time when actors like Charles Laughton, for instance, could (and did) act with their eyebrows and their lower lips. Dreyfuss, too, acts all over.



Richard Dreyfuss in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

Dreyfuss's characters are always committed to some sort of idiotic personal vision; so it makes sense, in the context of this movie, that he would be willing to leave his wife and children and follow the UFOs wherever they lead. An ordinary person wouldn't do it, but Dreyfuss would. He was getting ready to as long ago as *American Graffiti*.

Teri Garr is on hand to talk him out of it, just as she tried to persuade John Denver in *Oh, God* that he hadn't seen anything. Who would

have imagined you could build a career playing a wet blanket?

There is one scene in which the sighters of the UFOs have a meeting with the Air Force. The sighters employ all the standard rhetoric, which swings in a wide arc between mysticism on the one hand and naked cupidity on the other with vast stretches of paranoia in between.

In the midst of the negotiations—which involve the disappearance of a cloyingly adorable child—a man gets up and claims to have seen Bigfoot.

That's the trouble, isn't it? People who sight UFOs often turn out to be the same people who think fluoride in the water supply is sapping our precious body fluids.

Spielberg knows what he is talking about in "Close Encounters," and much of what he knows he casually throws away. Rather than dramatize the known facts, he has chosen to expand the vision. His conclusion is stunning and witty and awesome. It is unfair to accuse him of not delivering the definitive treatment on UFOs. Would we have even liked it if he had?

Spielberg's movie is inventive and human and as cosy as a visit from the cosmic Welcome Wagon.

Photography is attributed variously to Vilmos Zsigmond, William Fraker and Douglas Slocombe. Trumbull's special effects are ballistic and sublime, even if the cynical couldn't resist comparing the alien spaceship to the chandeliers in the Los Angeles Bonaventure Hotel.

Music by John Williams is spacy.

— Barnaby Shackelford

IN TOUCH WITH...

BOOKS

The Lives of Roger Casement, B. L. Reid. (Yale Univ. Press, \$25, 532 pgs.).

British consular official Roger Casement, an orphaned Irish Protestant, produced an international sensation in 1904 with his expose of enslavement and genocide in Belgian King Leopold's Congo "Free State." His similar 1911 report made more enemies but got him knighted. Bureaucratic bungling, money problems and rising Irish nationalism made him uneasy as a British agent, and during WW I he raised funds in America for Irish relief. Then he shipped secretly to Germany to solicit arms for Ireland's abortive

Easter Rebellion. The Germans seemed only half impressed by his Irish cause and he was captured immediately on returning home, tried for treason, and hung at Pentonville Prison Aug. 3, 1916. Protests by President Wilson, the Pope and others were hushed when the Foreign Office showed around pages from diaries Casement allegedly kept during the years of his noble service in the Congo and the Amazon—detailing homosexual pickups with prices paid and inches received or observed.

The long debate, in a score of one-sided books, over whether so great a humanitarian and Irish hero could have been a craven "pervert" fed the conviction that the diaries were forged, as did the Foreign Office's 40 years of lasciviously showing only a few pages. Those biographers who accepted the diaries as authentic tended to treat Casement as a fool, a fraud or an incredible degenerate.

Reid argues convincingly for their authenticity, if not for the full text of Grove Press' 1959 *Black Diaries*, though his chief argument (that it would have taken many years) ignores the fact that few outside the Foreign Office saw more than a page or two, and that generally in typed copies, for decades after Casement's

The Lives of ROGER CASEMENT



death—adequate time to complete the forgery if time was needed.

Like the Brian Inglis book reviewed here earlier, Reid traces Casement's life with sufficient unbiased that those who understand the workings of the closet in a highly class-structured society can see thru the enigma to the man. I formerly thought it preposterous that such a man would keep so incriminating a diary. Only now can we begin to look over Casement's shoulder to the cryptic entries without snicker-

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—WARDELL POMEROY, Ph.D. psychotherapist
and co-author of

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THE AUTHORS

DR. CHARLES SILVERSTEIN, Ph.D. (Psychology), is currently director of the Institute for Human Identity, New York, an independent counseling center that focuses on the particular problems of gay and bisexual people. He is also editor of the *Journal of Homosexuality* and a consultant at Rutgers and Princeton. Of Dr. Silverstein's recent book, *A Family Matter: A Parent's Guide to Homosexuality*, *Publishers Weekly* says, "This is the most compassionate approach to the subject."

EDMUND WHITE has contributed articles and reviews to *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The Village Voice*, *Poetry*, *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times*, etc. He is currently conducting a seminar in creative writing at Yale.

THE ILLUSTRATORS

MICHAEL LEONARD, one of the illustrators of Dr. Alex Comfort's *A Good Age*, has had several exhibitions in Europe and his first American show in New York this spring.

JAN BECK is well-known in England for his magazine illustrations, and his film sets.

JULIAN GRADDON, a noted professional illustrator, is a member of the Association of Illustrators.

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ing, without disparaging his humanity or his historic integrity, or without regarding him as too high-minded to have such sexual interests.

Manstyle, The GQ Guide to Fashion, Fitness & Grooming by Peter Carlsen & William Wilson. (Clarkson Potter, One Park Ave., NY 10016, \$5.95 paper, \$14.95 cloth, 150 pgs.). is an elegant, well-organized lift from *Gentlemen's Quarterly's* pages, well-photographed, handsome male models illustrating tips on how to buy a fine suit or casual wear, how to care for clothes, diet, exercise, grooming, with no hint, of course, that such stylish peacockery might be to snare a member of one's own gender. For those with expensive, fashionable tastes. Well-done and attractively packaged.

Gay Source, a Catalogue for Men, compiled & edited by Dennis Saunders (Coward-McCann & Geoghegan, \$6.95, 287 pgs.), is a large, handsome paperback which compounds all the weaknesses of rush-job one-shot guides to the rapidly changing gay scene.

Handsome and nicely illustrated, with several good though superficial essays—good on gay composers, but nothing on gay playwrights, philosophers, artists, military men, scientists, etc.; the usual bits on personal hygiene, muscle-building, clothing and fashion; and guides to the well-known gay resort areas.

The multi-service Gay Community Services Center, the nation's largest, gets little more than an inaccurate checklist mention, while the homophobic Homosexual Information Center gets the opening article in a blurb as supposedly the nation's only gay library or information service.

Tim Dinesha's gay history article is packed with glaring inaccuracies as well as several uncredited lifts from my writings. An article on VD treatment suggests only one place to go, a Catholic diocesan program in Philadelphia, when scores of gay organizations offer VD tests and treatment. Still, a lot of useful information, well organized.

Tom Meyer's *Uranian Roses* (Catalyst, 313 Blantyre Ave., Scarborough, Ont., paperback, \$3.95, cloth signed limited, \$20.00) is a slim and limpid bounce off the verse of the classic poet Strato. Elegant economy of words on the rise and fall of a boy lover.

— Jim Kepner

IN TOUCH WITH... MUSIC

Few could have guessed a year ago that Donna Summer would stand in serious contention for some of this year's leading rock awards. Many would have bet that her sex-come-synthesizer disco marathons would have played out their welcome—and hers. But the year ended with Summer's releases which confirmed the range, the vision and the impeccable professionalism of the Love Goddess of Disco and her German-based producers Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte.

First, *I Remember Yesterday* (Casablanca), with its twin break-away hits, "I Feel Love" and "Love's Unkind," demonstrated that the team was capable of reaching more pop sectors than disco alone and that Summer herself has both the voice, performance and savvy and staying power to rank at the heels of Ross, Streisand and Midler in pop royalty.

The new album, *Once Upon A Time*, is no safe followup, but the sort of adventurous risk artists must take to grow and survive. An almost non-stop, two-record saga of a supersonic seventies, Cinderella, or Sleeping-Around Beauty, the album develops the theme of electro-charged romantic pursuit, conceits and perversity in our time.

Summer, who co-authored all of the songs in this ambitious package, is at her best—in terms of versatility—on Side Three, from the proud arrogance of "If You Got It, Flaunt It" to the vulnerable and ultimately touching "Dance Into My Life." Just when you get an attitude going, the flash acts prove themselves to be class acts.

Which reminds us that we never had an opportunity to say a word for Rita Coolidge's *We're All Alone*. Okay, the word is "wonderful."

Dee Dee Sharp Gamble—adding another name in mid-career—bounced back last year with the hit, "I'm Not In Love" and continues her sure and steady rise with *What Color Is Love?* (Philadelphia International). "I Believe In Love" would have seemed a better bet, for the varied album is a knockout. Listen to what new readings she brings to Manilow's "Trying To Get The Feeling" or the vitality-in-melancholy which injects resurrection

into "Nobody Can Ever Take Your Place." If she continues to enjoy such excellent selection and production, she stands as the leading challenger to Gladys Knight, sans the grittier edges and the Las Vegas lounge cuteness which has lately afflicted the latter star.

Bob Booker, George Foster and Bruce Vilanch's *Out of the Closet* (Ariola) is good for at least one happy playing, plus as many reprises as you have friends to share it with. The gags are solid if necessarily dependent upon the more obvious clichés that constitute gay humor when we do it and sexist fag humor when "they" do it.

The most cleverly constructed bit is Tamar Long's fashion commentary in which she manages to construct her life, loves and rejections beyond the fashion parade, building to a final rage against her wayward lover and model. Marilyn Sokol and Betty Thomas throw in a new twist (not so new in the history of Jewish-mother comedy) as mothers overseeing the wedding preparations for their sons. Perhaps the album's defense and ultimate virtue is that it can appeal to audiences across the board, tweaking some old prejudices and attitudes along the way and illuminating how much is the same in what seems to be so different.

The ladies in Pasadena are not all necessarily old, little or tennis-shod. Four who may have tread on a Keds now and then, being scarcely out of high school, are making a rock debut as High Energy with *Turnin' On* (Gordy). Already establishing them on the charts is the first pull-out from the debut album, "You Can't Turn Me Off (In The Middle of Turning Me On)." Another fine Kent Washburn production.

When War moved to MCA late last year, the company threw one of the year's biggest parties all over the back streets of the Universal Pictures' backlot. After the celebration, the big question remained: would the group finally settle in and get it together again? The home life in Universal City appears to have been good, for *Galaxy* (MCA) shows them back in top form and hopefully ready to advance with the next outing. This one is sharp enough, including a torridly Latin 4-minute instrumental dazzer, "The Seven Tin Soldiers." It's not only one of their best in a long time, it's simply one of their best. It sounds like pure gold.

— Damon West

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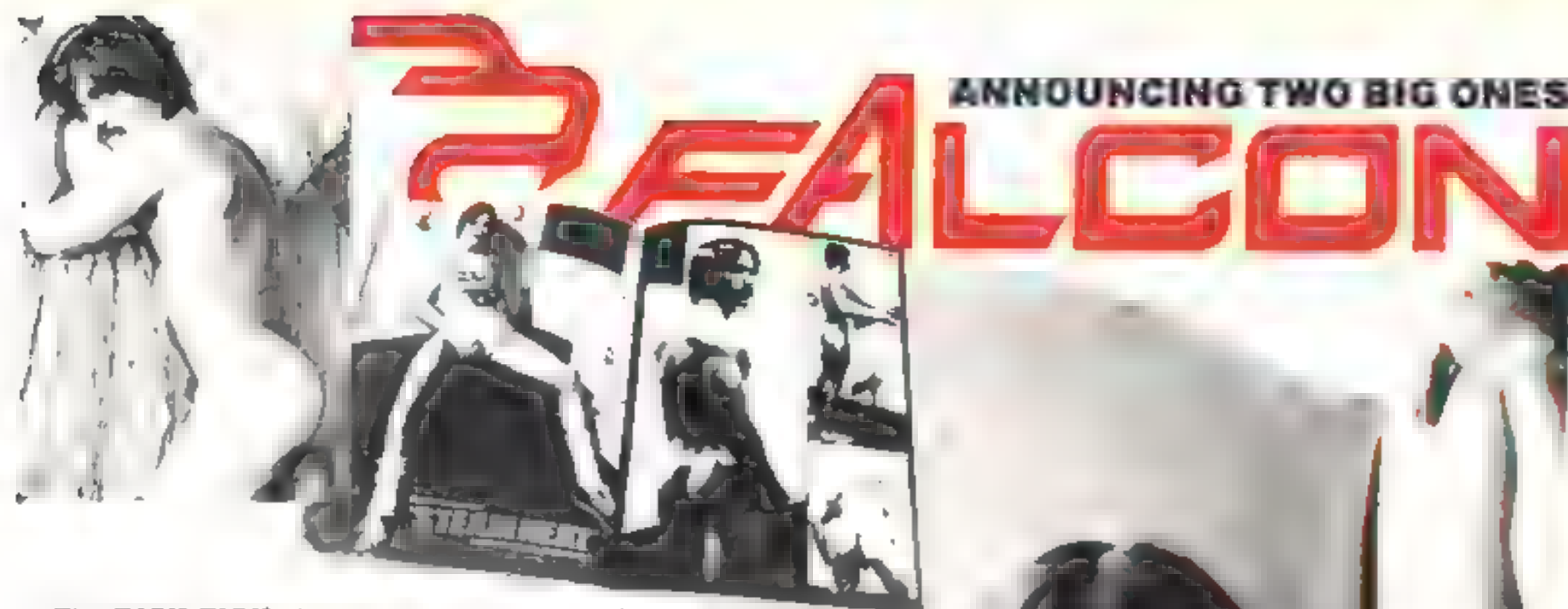
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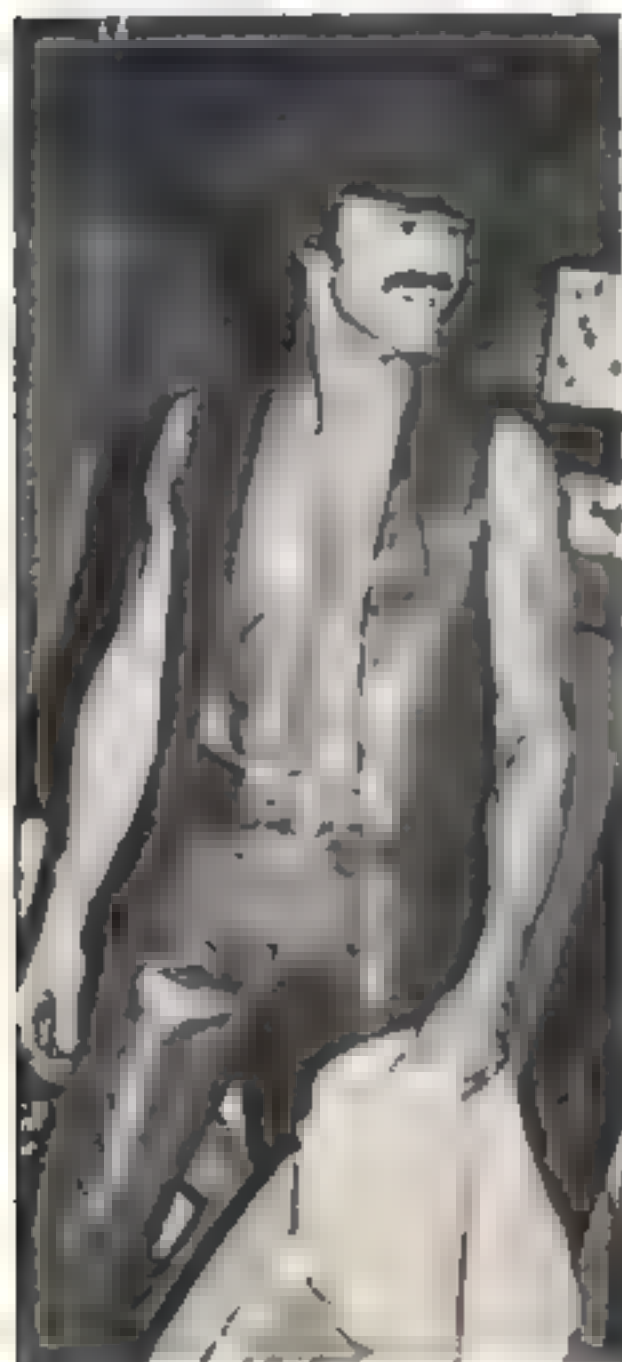
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NEW YORK

News in New York centers around where to go this winter — Puerto Rico or Tortuga on the Gay Windjammer Cruise. But if you enjoy New York at any season you'll find the discos lively every night — from Studio 54, which caters these days to the socialites (Michael's Thing Magazine celebrated its big eighth year party there, too), to Ice Palace, where you can spin on the floor with either David Bowie or Mikhail Baryshnikov when they're in town. Ice Palace, in the West 50's, has a beige-on-beige decor with smoked mirrors and wins the prize for the most beautiful blonds . . . A relatively new disco palace is Paradise Garage on Kin St., near Leontyne Price's home. Tres chic!

Down at Jewel Theater (on Second Ave.) top award for male entertainment goes to "Malo, the

Sexual Outlaw." Malo plays between the porno fix and sends everyone downstairs into the back-room for action afterwards. He's attracted a hot following. . . . Malo enters in trenchcoat and mirror glasses and slowly uncoils his clothing. A suitcase is ceremoniously unpacked, full of bad toys. He drinks a can of beer and beefcakes it back into the first row to his followings' great delight. He wears masks, chains victims, plays with knives in a deadly fashion, and finally wraps his body around a boa constrictor.

No other show in New York quite approximates the suppressed violence and sensuality of Malo the Sexual Outlaw. It is definitely among the more decadent acts of the avant-garde popular this season.

For a cabaret come-back, *Hot Peaches* at The Glines (on West Broadway) is a gay street theater group that's gotten its act together. Their new show is most commercial; *The Gay Beggar's Opera* When Peachy Galore and Mack the Dyke get acquainted, the punk rock music gets going and the costumes are outrageous. *Hot Peaches* is far better than *Banana Revue* out in Queens, more honest, and, after their trip to Amsterdam, more international. Their version of the Stonewall Riot is the most accurate I've ever heard, my friends, and I lived several doors down on the same street at the time . . . The Peaches are about the most wonderful gay entertainment to emerge from New York's underground, and under their New Arts Management, plans a coast-to-coast tour this Spring. Try to get them in your area.

Another cabaret mention should go to Alberta Hunter, who at age 85 left a nursing career to return to jazz piano. Ms. Hunter plays at *The Cookery*, which is a cool spot



Malo turns on at New York's Jewel Theater

Photo courtesy of Jewel Theater

in the Village that sells out nightly. Alberta recorded before Bessie Smith, eventually wrote songs for Bessie, and still sings the blues unlike anyone you'll ever hear today.

Speaking of Blues, Alvin Ailey's Dance Theater has just finished up its City Center engagement and plans a Spring season, too. I cannot begin to tell you how much of a dance capital New York has become, from Ailey to Joffrey and Paul Taylor, invitationals like The Grand Kabuki and Balinese Theater, Jose Molina's Bailes Espagnoles is a hot offering of satin hips and flamenco, boot heels dug into the ground and vibrating castanets. For the coming weeks, you should plan tickets for Alicia Alonso and Nacional Ballet de Cuba, Royal Winnipeg Ballet and American Ballet Theater, Baryshnikov's *Don Quixote* is the plum offering.

Broadway's most elegant show remains Frank Langella's *Dracula* with sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. Portrayed as a Byronic prince, this Count has enough bite for a million-dollar toothpaste contract. He literally gets the audience screaming with delight when he swoops down on his victims. The bat-inspired genius of Gorey gives this tragi-comedy a cartoon sex appeal which is quite campy. And, if David Mamet's *A Life in the Theater* is still playing at Theatre de Lys with Ellis Raab in the cast, don't miss his equally thrilling performance of an aging queen in front of the footlights. Raab is haunting in a totally different way.

On the art scene, Leslie-Lohmann Galleries on Prince St. in Soho seems to have slanted its perspective to a gay clientele. Bob Gable's oils have been on view this winter. Nureyev is rumored to have bought one of his favorites. The Sicilian postcards of Wilhelm Von Gloeden were also a fascinating exhibition. . . . Eons Galleries from L.A. has been scouting in town for a New York extension. Their present offering is Tom of Finland's crush drawings, some of which are exceptionally fine. They have a calendar out, too. . . . Incidentally, anyone in the New York City area interested in modeling or photography for possible use in *IN TOUCH* should contact John Michael Cox, Jr. (210) 377-2738. John's especially interested in "college" types" so I'm told.

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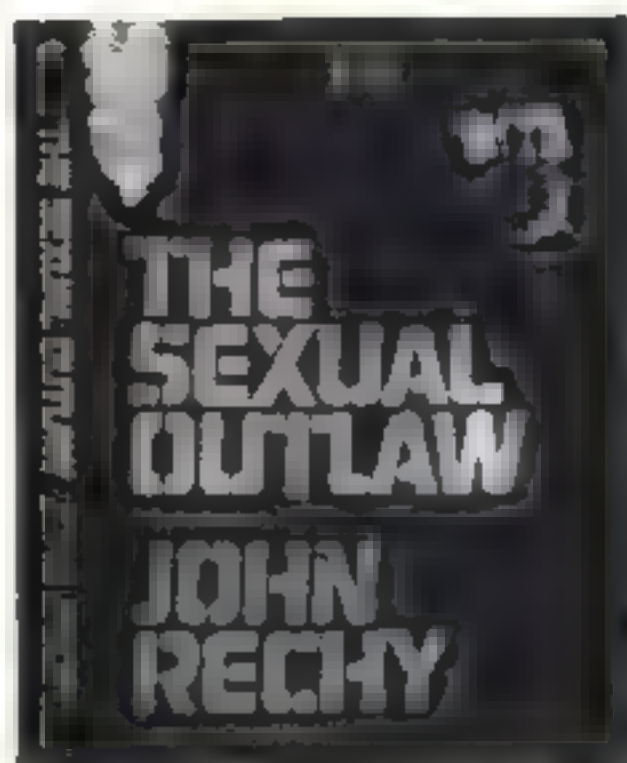
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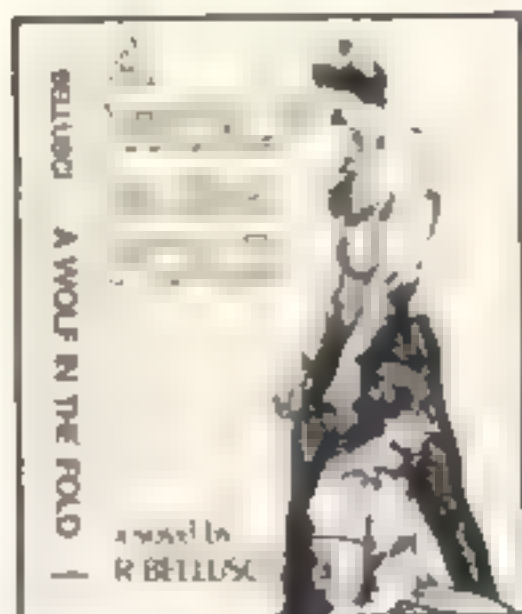
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help at any hour simply by dialing. It's one of New York's solid, sophisticated services. When at Yale earlier this month and finding their Gay Services sleeping or whatever, bless the boys, I called New York's Switchboard and got all the info on New Haven one could ever want—it wasn't that much, but at least it was a help. In Manhattan, see you at Boots and Saddles on Christopher Street.

— David Sears

LOS ANGELES

The West Coast premiere of David Rabe's *Streamers* at the Westwood Playhouse (through Feb. 21) proved to be one of the most exciting theatrical events of the year. Directed by Milton Katselas (who had earlier staged *P.S.: Your Cat is Dead* at the Westwood), this production is much different than the one Mike Nichols staged in New York, in that Katselas goes more for the barracks humor in the first act and then slowly builds to the shattering climax. For anyone having seen both productions, it was especially interesting to see how well the play itself works even with the totally different approach.

In this important play, Rabe uses a homosexual character to symbolize the senseless violence that can erupt from misunderstanding and blind prejudice. Bruce Davison gives a marvelous performance in this role, softly camping it up but never taking it so far that it becomes a caricature or a stereotype. Davison creates a real and sympathetic person. Charles Durning is also outstanding as a regular Army sergeant who has faced action in Vietnam and who is now back with the raw recruits in the stateside base dying of leukemia. Durning's speech, when he is informed that Davison is gay, is beautifully presented and makes an eloquent, moving statement on values and acceptance.

Strong support is also given by top-billed Richard Thomas as the clean-cut midwestern youth who is disgusted by homosexuality (because he may or may not be gay himself) and by Herb Jefferson Jr., Richard Lawson and Ralph Meeker in other major roles.

Robert Fryer also provided Los Angeles with a year-end hit in the Ahmanson Theatre production of *The Devil's Disciple*, George Bernard Shaw's satirical dissertation on early American puritanical mores and how England lost the Revolutionary War. Frank Dunlop directed

with marvelous style and Rex Harrison was at his suavely sophisticated best in the brief-but-classic role of General "Gentlemanly Jim" Burgoyne. Chris Sarandon (who played Al Pacino's lover in the movie *Dog Day Afternoon*) provided a very virile and robust Dick Dudgeon (the "devil's disciple" of the title). Carol Shelley was a marvelously frustrated and flustered Judith Anderson, the minister's wife who has the hots for Dick, and Margaret Hamilton was a total delight as Dick's uptight, puritanical mother.

In other events, Carol Channing trotted her new revival of *Hello Dolly!* across the boards on the Pantages Theater. At this point, Channing seems to be doing a caricature of herself and she gave a very calculated performance, with every gesture and vocal inflection carefully planned and executed. Still, it's an attractive production and Lee Roy Reams and Florence Lacey were outstanding as Cornelius Hackl and Irene Molloy. Eddie Bracken played Horace Vandergelder with one-dimensional jolliness.

The Huntington Hartford, one of L.A.'s most consistently reliable theaters, opens an eight week engagement of *Side by Side by Sondheim* Apr. 5.

Getting away from the theater and into the dining rooms, The Academy on Santa Monica Blvd. (just off Vine St.) has become one of the in-places for Sunday brunch. The outside Forest patio provides a rustic, comfortable atmosphere for a leisurely luncheon and the food is quite good. An added treat has been song stylist Beverly Redding, who has a gorgeous voice that seems comfortable with almost any type of music.

Another good bet is David's on Melrose Ave. (just off La Brea) which features an outstanding selection of seafood dishes and other specialties. They have mouthwatering array of appetizers to provide a tasty lead-in to the main course. But food isn't David's only attraction. In the front piano bar, Wed. through Sunday brunch, Houston holds forth with a style that has won him a large and devoted following. His vocal duets with "guest artists," and his serious-to-camp range of songs have to be seen to be fully appreciated. And holding her own special court in the back piano bar is the talented Lee Simmons. Don't miss David's when you're in town.

— Ron Englert

SAN FRANCISCO

Tilt Coit Tower! (Look what it did for Pisa.) Paint the Golden Gate Bridge gold! (So we won't be disappointed.) These serious suggestions and others were proposed by Lawrence Ferlinghetti as he received the first San Francisco Art Commission Award of Honor.

The poet, publisher, and proprietor of City Lights Bookstore in North Beach continues to bend attitudes and illuminate minds. The bookstore has expanded into the old Italian travel agency next door, so Columbus comes full-circle to mind-trip at City Lights.

The Girl of the Golden West has had a face-lift. Tree-lined Market Street with red-brick sidewalks, Victorian and contemporary sculpture, the UN fountain, and the steady transformation of sleaze to chic with new shops, restaurants and renovated theaters invite comparison to that boulevard in Paris and make visiting here a pleasure from bridge to bridge and from bottom to top.

BART, on the bottom, brightens up the world beneath the boulevard as you speed-cruise from the Bay to the beach and watering holes between. On the top, Mel Brooks gets vertigo in the Regency Hyatt House hotel in his new film *High Anxiety* and stabbed in the shower with the "Chronicle" newspaper by a neurotic bellhop. Madman Mel was here last fall cutting up at the Film Festival. His Hitchcock parody should drive us all psycho.

Cabaret is out of the closet in fine style all over the city. The creme de la creme is Marlene Fontenay at Fanny's, (4230 18th Street, off Castro) and the Mocambo on Polk. She sings Piaf, Brel, Aznavour, and her own heart-felt stories with warmth and intimacy as memorable as a good French wine. Then there is Ruth Hastings, who belts a song like nobody's business at Gordon's (118 Jones) and Chez Jacques (1390 California). Stay at Chez through the end of Julie Brown and Larry Coffey's comedy craze — a very funny duo. Le Domino (Florida and 17th Street), and Venetian Glass Nephew (2698 Folsom) are unique restaurants with entertainment in the warehouse district. Call for reservations — the Nephew serves but one meal a night and he's bound to tickle your in-nards.

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Edward Payson Call has directed
Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* at ACT
with all the politicians smelling like
skunks—even Antony. It's a Water-
gate Caesar and a Brechtian Caesar
and it's damn good. Fine perform-
ances by Ray Reinhardt as Caesar
and Daniel Davis as Brutus.

Special thanks to the Mariposa
Film Group for their comprehen-
sive gay documentary, *Word Is Out*.
Interviews with 26 individuals in-
clude a range of gay men and wom-
en of all ages and walks of life.
Stories are as varied, often moving,
and told with considerable emotion
and at least once with great humor.
The audience cheers as one woman
cuts a huge limb off a tree on her
property in Sonoma County as if in
one symbolic act she dismembers
her depressing past of shock treat-
ments. The film will make you cry
and laugh and will go a long way
to educate the public about "the
stories of some of our lives."

The Opera season was a sell-out,
as predicted, with performances by
Beverly Sills in *I Puritani* and Leon-
tyne Price in a comic and classic
debut in Richard Strauss' *Ariadne
Auf Naxos* (she disappeared into
the starry skies with Bacchus). *Das
Rhinegold* was a poetic gem and
getting tickets for *Turandot* was like
walking down Castro Street and not
seeing a pair of Levis.

BOAT — The Berkeley One Act
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penty going on inside. The Cellar
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barrel, tv sports, and a Colt model
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(continued on page 74)

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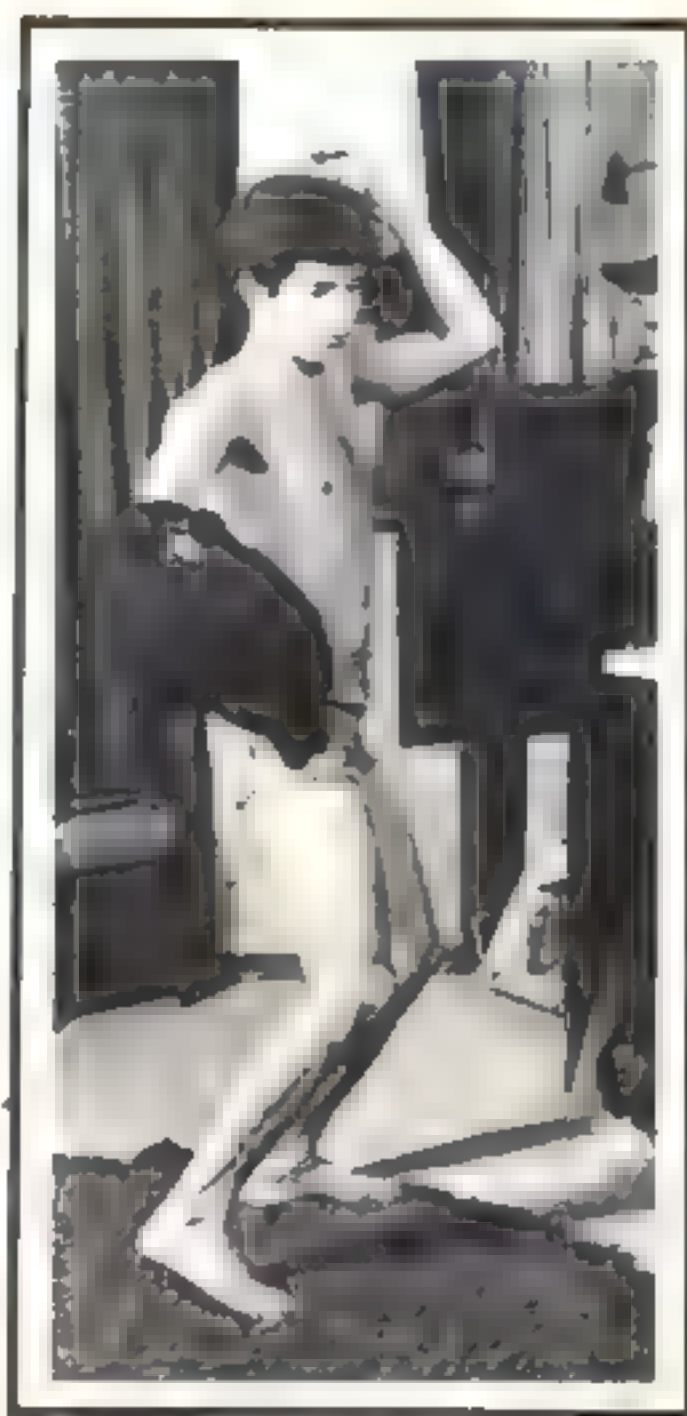
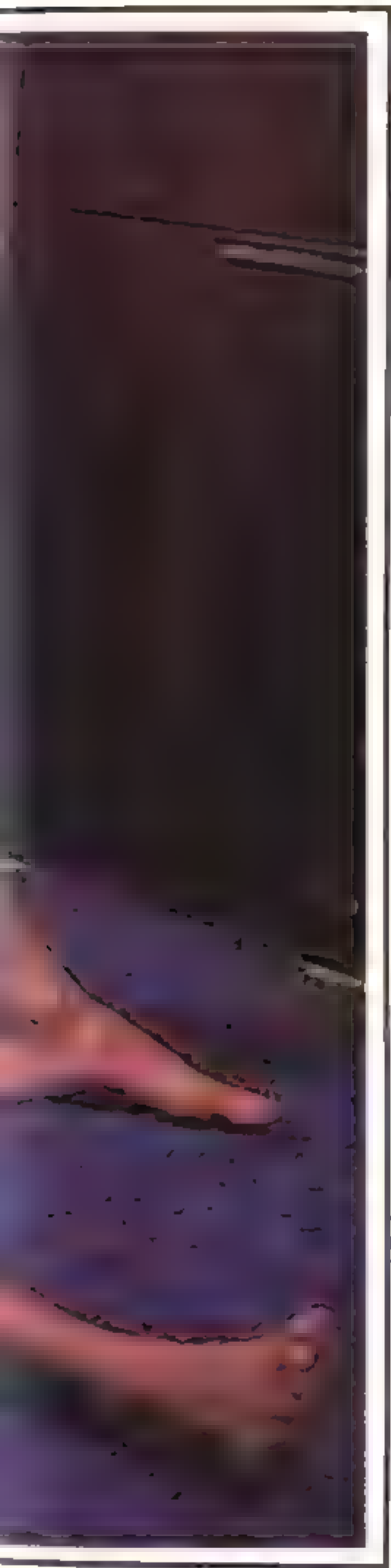
Raul Castillo

Raul Castillo is a 25-year-old Capricorn, born in Puerto Rico and raised in Spain. A 132-pound ball of energy, Raul is happiest when he's on the disco floor—which led him to a job moonlighting as a go-go dancer during college. A talented painter, Raul's international background has given him a wide range of interests, but his primary career goal is in the area of psychology. Though he spends a lot of his time socializing, Raul doesn't believe in playing musical beds, and is content to let just one person occupy his at-home hours.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN BRENT

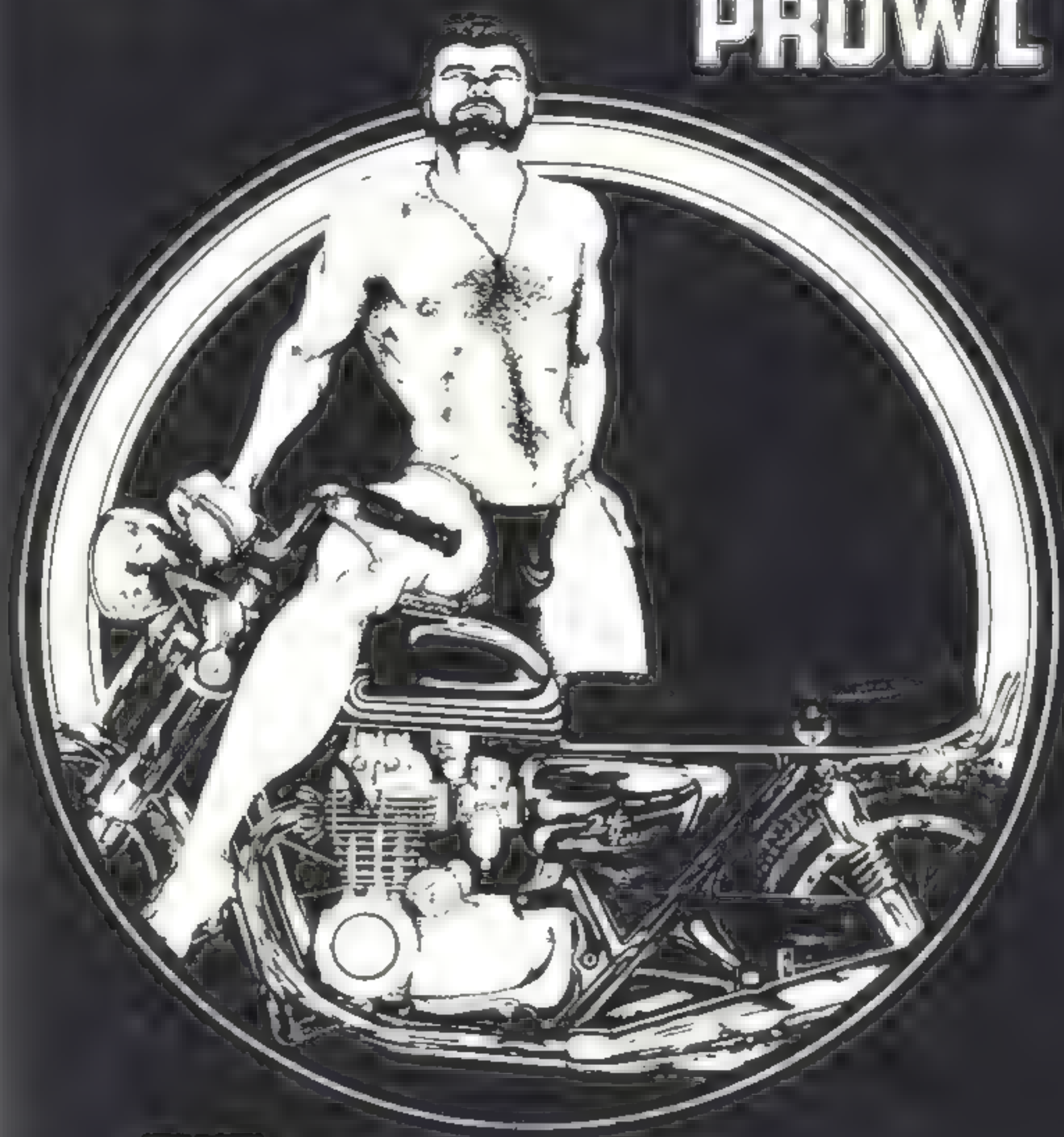








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The 10 Sexiest

MEN

(The fact that sexiness, as well as beauty, is in the eye of the beholder is proven by the results of this poll writer Jeremy Hughes took in Hollywood on behalf of IN TOUCH.)

by Jeremy Hughes

But now, without further ado, let's get on with the results.

Whom do you consider to be the ten sexiest men in the world?" seems, on the face of it, a fairly simple, straightforward question. Nor would it seem to be unduly complicated by two simple ground rules: each choice must be alive, and he must be nationally known. Otherwise the candidates could be in any field of endeavor of any age, and from any part of the world.

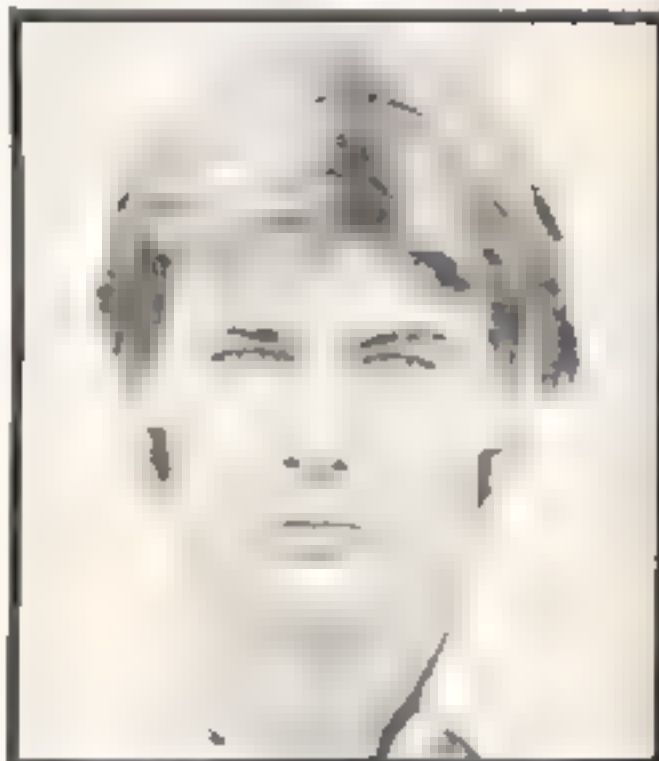
Those polled were gay males whose livelihood depends on their ability to perceive what the homosexual community-at-large turns on to in the way of sex symbols: Jim (Colt) French, Roy (A World of Naked) Dean, and Bob (Athletic Model Guild) Mizer — all professional photographers, publishers and scouts; Pat (Spree) Rocco and Chuck (Boylesque) Roy, — photographers and impresarios; and Michael (former Happy Hustler) Kearns were the ones who gave the question most serious thought.

The results, determined by a complex formula combining frequency of appearance with priority position on the lists, are presented here without editorial comment other than to point out some interesting conclusions. First of these is the deduction that the gay world is not so chicken-oriented as might be believed: all top ten and first two runners-up have passed their thirtieth birthday and, in fact, from Number Five down, are all over forty.

A second conclusion is that movies still seem to be more sexually exciting than television, is not one of those so-called sex objects on the boob tube (i.e., Henry Winkler, John Travolta, David Soul, Shaun Cassidy) was even mentioned; whereas, with only one exception, the top twelve listed here have reached their audience primarily through the medium of that great big silver screen up there.

For a third conclusion, it can be assumed that gays like their men on the tall side: of the top twelve, ten are 5'10" or better. And, along these general lines, the least surprising result is that a body kept in prime condition is a requisite to be thusly honored by gay fanhood. There is scarcely a superfluous pound in the lot. Nor, on the other hand, does emaciation seem to be titillating.

Finally, if the writer may be permitted a aside, the huge variety of selections did come as a surprise. In all, fifty-three different names appeared on the lists! There was a time, say thirty or forty years ago when Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn and Robert Taylor would have been three-tie shoe-ins. Now, these days, those polled complained of the difficulty in coming up even with ten. Only one name appeared among the top three on more than one list, and only one — the ultimate Number One — was tops on more than two separate lists.



1. JAN-MICHAEL VINCENT

It is not beyond the realm of possibility that there never existed such a living, breathing epitome of the fantasized gay ideal as is this young actor. Once, little more than a hairless perfect body topped by a flawless set of features waiting for experience to give them character, 32-year-old Jan-Michael, despite his recent string of execrable films, is the prototypical, ever-youthful boy-next-door, firmly lodged at the top of gaydom's pantheon.

Sample comments: "...lean, hard, firm, cute..." (Mizer); "He's got the most likely athletic body of them all, and that super-flat tummy is the envy of every dieter. You'll want to mother him or father him, and he'd certainly be 'the front runner' in any bedroom" (Rocco); and succinctly from Chuck Roy, "Candy, little boy."

2. MUHAMMED ALI

Among the top three on more than one list, this physical paragon was proclaimed by *Cosmopolitan* (Dec. 1976) to be "the singularly most sexually appealing male on the face of the earth." Apparently the gay community endorses this designation, adding "perfection of type" (Mizer) and "he's the greatest; he's also bigger than I am" (Roy)

3. O. J. SIMPSON

A very close third, disabled pro footballer/commercial counter-jumper, Simpson is pretty well summed up by Pat Rocco: "Here's a man with a smile that could melt a block of ice! Although those Hertz commercials hide that tremendous body in a suit, we all know it exists when we see him in films or watch him play football. He's outstandingly sexy!" And the tepid echo from Roy Dean is that "he has an elegant look that I find very attractive."



4. ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

Officially proclaimed on more than one occasion as the world's most perfect man, Austrian-immigrant Arnold piled up points for combining everything — looks, build, mind, personality" (Mizer), and excited Chuck Roy to "just imagine all that iron pumping!"

5. PAUL NEWMAN

Fifty-two-year-old "Blue-eyes" has maintained the beauty that, in the unforgiven *Silver Chalice*, overpowered the vapidity of the role. Bob Mizer (whose list interestingly contained eight of these ten eventual winners) remarks simply that Newman has "held it through all the years . . . he's incredible," while Chuck Roy (also with a good record) states "this man goes way back to my childhood fantasies — where I would have been an agreeable victim to child molestation."



6. KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

It's the pain behind the eyes that does it, perhaps, or that macho, graying beard. In any event, Michael Kearns senses "a sexual charisma that inspires goose pimples," while Bob Mizer (again!) is drawn to the "metamorphosis . . . he's really trimmed down . . . (in addition to the fact of) the maturity, a father-image type."



7. ROBERT REDFORD

That nettlesome complexion problem persists even into his fortieth year, but this California-golden-boy gone-right inspired the adjective "classy" (Mizer) and the confession that "I've always been a sucker for blonds" (Roy).

8. WARREN BEATTY

A pretty face informed with intelligence, plus an impressive physique, earned Shirley's brother the accolade that he seems "to improve

with age" (Kearns) on one hand, while on the other (Mizer) that he is just "a cute-kid type who stays eternally young."

9. BURT REYNOLDS

Roy Dean advises "keep his clothes on but keep him talking . . . he's funny," while Bob Mizer goes for "that hairy chest and all, the baby face with that Neanderthal body

10. CLINT WALKER, JAMES MACARTHUR CARY GRANT

This three-way tie starts with Clint Walker, because, as Jim French puts it "(he) needs no copy, no adjectives. If you don't get *that* message, your receiver's broken." As for Cary Grant, he topped Roy Dean's list with a similar comment: "No more need he said. Even at his age (73) he still towers above everyone else." And James MacArthur caused Pat Rocco, whose list he led, to rhapsodize "If there ever was a fella who has a boyish, manish sexiness, it's him. There's an aura of vulnerability that's undeniable . . . He's a real turn-on!"

So there you are. Summing up, Jim French remarked that, "as you know, 'sex appeal' is a wide umbrella to cover lots of facets of a personality" and Roy Dean advised that "it's the hidden quality . . . the mystery . . . the thing they don't show . . . that I find attractive in a person." Most insightful would be Pat Rocco's "Ten sexy men? That's easy! I think ALL men are sexy in SOME way!"

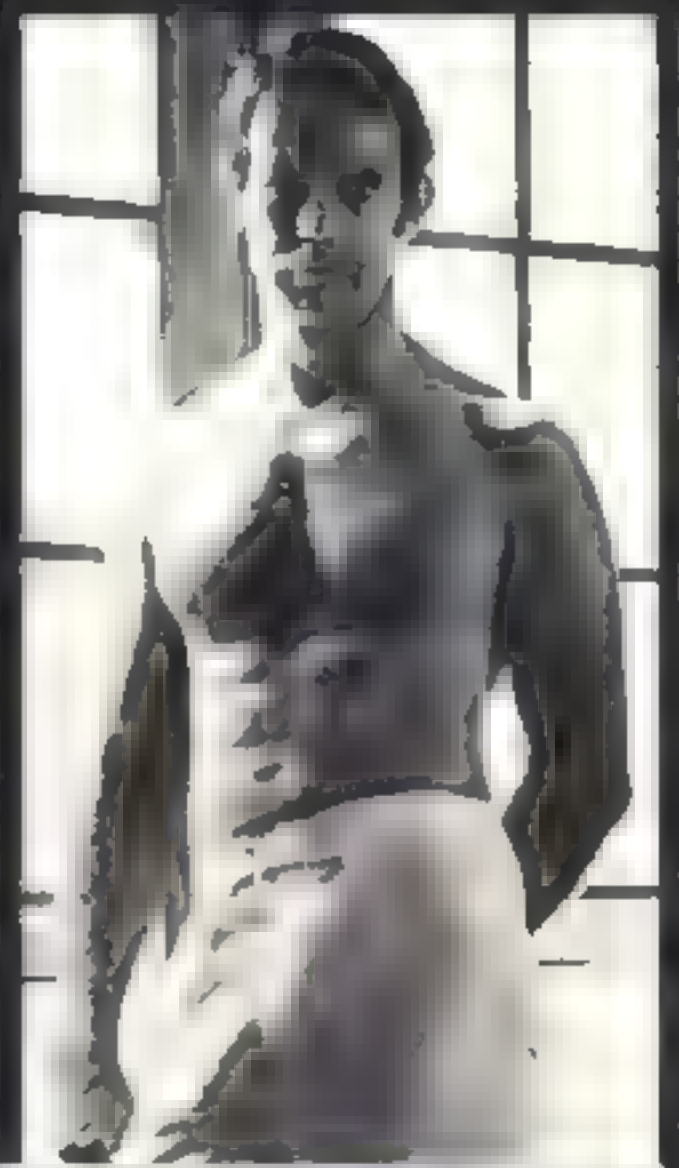
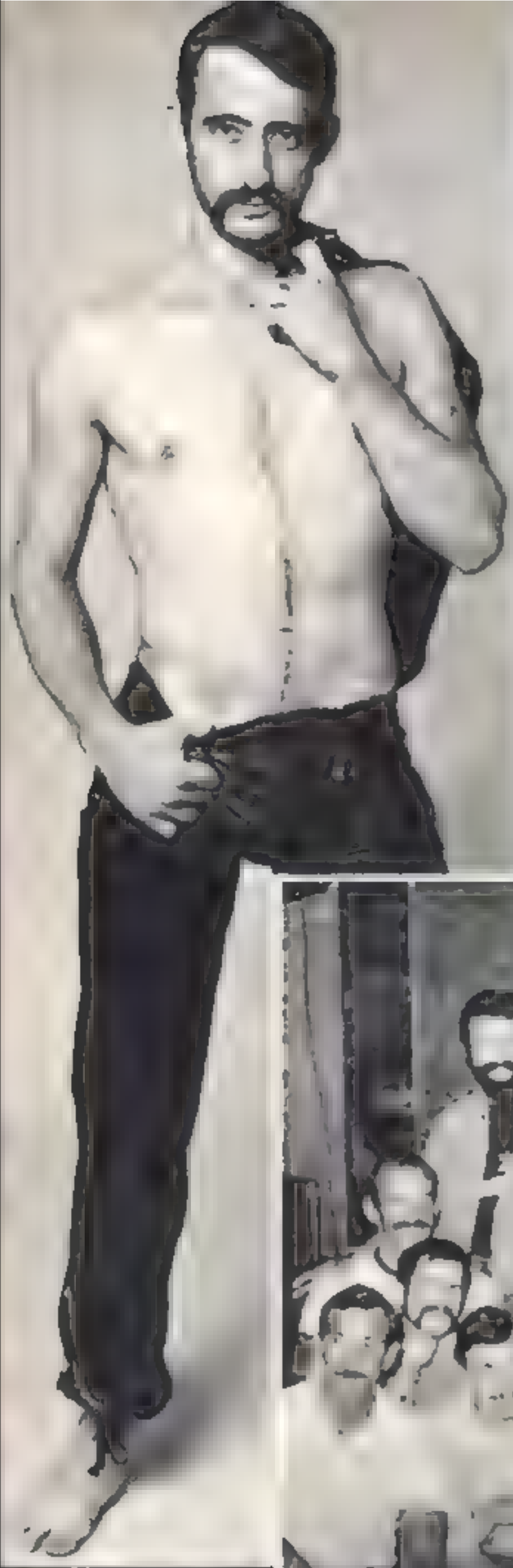
In case your favorites are not listed above, here is a sampling of other names that popped up with some regularity: Mark Spitz, Joe Namath, Michael Kearns, Orson Welles(!), Mikhail Baryshnikov, Laurence Olivier, Steve Reeves, Toshio Mifumi, Bill Toomey, Michael Landon, Rick Nelson, Giancarlo Giannini, Steven Ford, Roger Smith, Franco Nero, Stephen Collins, Robert Conrad, Kent McCord, Egon von Furstenberg(?), Ken Norton, James Garner, and Terence Hill.

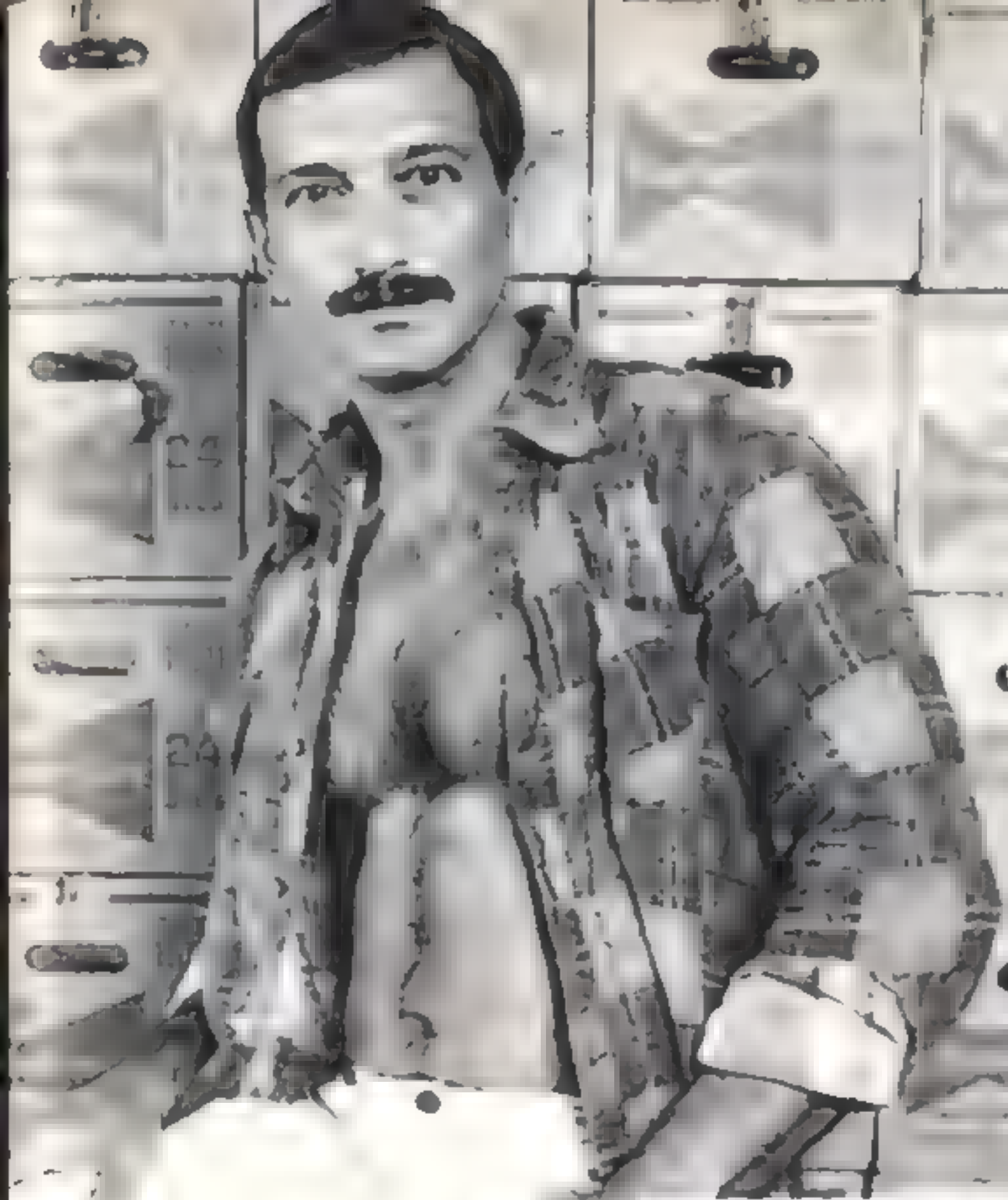
Noteworthy omissions were: Alain Delon, Horst Buckholz, Terrance Stamp, Perry King, Rudolf Nureyev, Nick Nolte, Kier Dullea, Mick Jagger, Bjorn Borg, Ryan O'Neal, and Corin Redgrave.

And how about you? Who are your top ten — and why? Drop me a note, in care of IN TOUCH, and we just might do another article based on your observations. ■■

GAY BARS:

A Slice of the Rainbow





Nowhere are the various strata of gay life more apparent than in that uniquely gay phenomenon known as the gay bar. Gay bars are one of the principle hubs of homosexual society and provide—especially in the larger cities where the size of the gay population warrants it—something for every taste, for every age group, and for every shading of sexual interest or preference. In looking for specific bars typical of various kinds of establishment, IN TOUCH first decided to find one representative of one of the broadest bands of the gay spectrum—the “Levi’s and T-shirt” bar, for want of a better term.

Just such a bar—and one of Los Angeles’ most popular—is The Spike (7746 Santa Monica Blvd.). It is, in many ways, typical of an entire “class” of gay establishment.

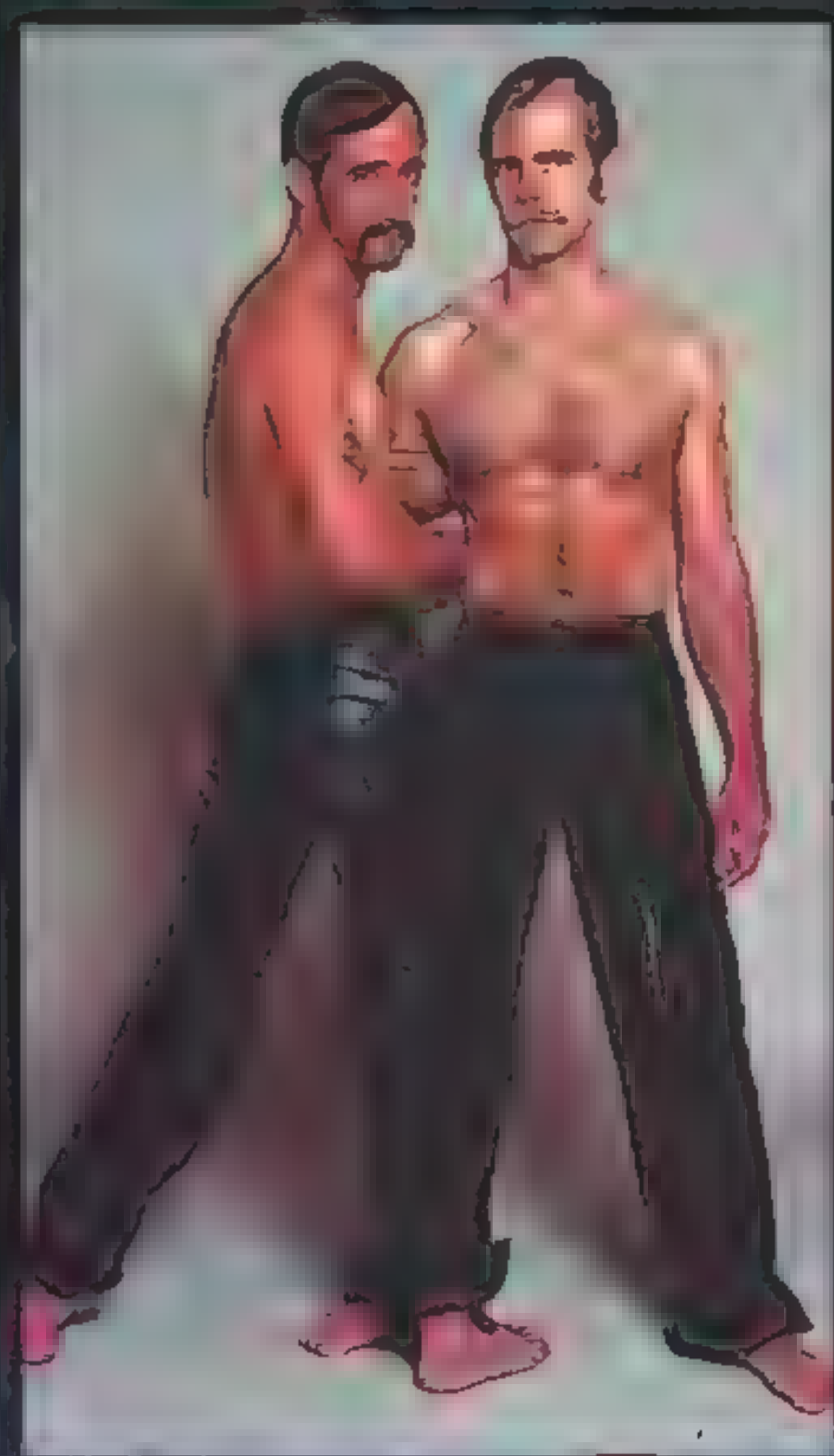
One of the primary keys to any gay bar’s success lies with its personal—and, most specifically, with its choice of bartender, who generally personify the bar’s attitudes and atmosphere. Often, the bartender serves a supplemental role as flesh-and-blood fantasy fulfillment for many of the bar’s clientele.

A roster of The Spike’s bartenders, for example, includes Mike Leiber, who holds a “Mr. Worldwide Nude” title, and was a first runner-up in a “Mr. Groovy Guy” contest; Bill Sheppard, a first runner-up in a “Mr. Leather” contest, and a contender for the “Groovy Guy” title; Mike Morris, increasingly well known for his roles in gay movies (see IN TOUCH #33); and the Cokt-sponsored “Gallery



Photos by Richard Sullivan

11" contest in 1976, and is "Mr. D.C. Eagle" title-holder Danny La Parka—a former Target model. More than enough fantasy fulfillment in this group for a stadium-full of admirers. Monty gay bars and the more popular and successful, for least—have similar objectives. "The Spike" here managed Jerry Fredericks says, "to provide a place for guys to be comfortable, with no hassles and no posing." Yet those bars which do "specialize" do so with varying degrees of subtlety. The Spike, for example, has a determinedly masculine air.





...theater, and pool table, mention light-
ing, dark wood, stacks of beer cases, a
first-rate sound system without emphasis
on rock. Cruising is active, but overt ac-
tivity vigorously discouraged by the man-
agement.

There are, with variations, literally
dozens of bars across the United States
and Canada similar to The Spike, cater-
ing to gay men with specific needs, tastes, and
interests. They perform a highly valuable
and culturally important service for the
gay community. We wish them
all success. ■■



Cary Grant, in one of his most well-known publicity stills



With Irene Dunne in 1937's *The Awful Truth*.

CARY GRANT

by Frank Edwards

"Grant can milk more meaning out of a look . . . than most Hollywood hams can bludgeon out of 50 lines of dialogue."

Cary Grant swears he never uttered the much-mimicked "Judy! Judy! Judy!" in a movie, but can't deny he has co-starred with a dancing caterpillar bearing his own real name, "Archie" (*Once Upon a Time*, 1944), and himself played the part of a whimpering turtle, genus mock-cockney (Alice in Wonderland, 1933), who warbled "Beautiful Soup." For neither of these questionable accomplishments, however, will he be remembered as much as for having established the image that film historian Arthur Knight will always associate with Paramount Studios of the early thirties: "Cary Grant in an evening suit in a boudoir hung with velvet draperies."

As the consummate romantic light comedian of his (or possibly 26

any other) time, Grant raised to the level of an art form the abstracted glance of appeal to a non-existent savior: was a black belt master of the double (nay, triple) take; and codified an entire thesaurus of inarticulate snorts, grunts, and, peeps — noncommittal, befuddled, disapproving, consensual, impatient, weary, frustrated, incredulous, capitulatory. The closest thing to him today is James Garner (at his least self-conscious, which is rare), although Garner has yet to learn the neat distinction between a leisurely and a lethargic attack.

In the process of refining these public accomplishments, Cary Grant has kept his most private pursuits pretty much under wraps. The bald facts of his four failures at marriage are a matter of record, of course,

but the reasons for those disasters — to say nothing of what motivated him to make such experiments in the first place — are lost in a haze of ambiguity. But one point emerges with startling clarity: he has always been at his most comfortable in personal relationships with members of his own sex, a pattern of behavior that has been documented back to his earliest years.

Archibald Alexander Leach was born early on a Monday morning, January 18, 1904, in the bedroom of an old stone house on the outskirts of Bristol, England, to Elsie Kingdom and Elias James Leach, whose only other child, also a son, had survived only a few months. And, given the atmosphere of hostility between the two parents, it is not surprising that they had no fur-

ther offspring: young Archie's formative years being spent in a brittle milieu of tension and bickering. His mum, described as "a beauty of delicate sensibilities who yearned to move upward and onward," nagged incessantly at her textile worker husband—not the "prominent manufacturer" Hollywood hacks later invented—to improve himself and bring in more money.

For some obscure reason, the Leaches kept their new arrival in dress-like baby clothes for such a length of time that, according to "unauthorized" biographer Albert Govoni, "it took him longer than most toddlers to discover whether he was a boy or a girl." That sexual uncertainty was not helped along the road to resolution by the long curls his doting mother insisted he retain beyond normal limits. Thus, at his first contact in school with little girls, Archie found he suffered acutely from distressing shyness, an attitude toward the opposite sex that persisted "well beyond" the normal awakenings of puberty. Nevertheless, he "soon overcame his shyness with those of his own sex," and the pattern was cut.

When he was nine, he returned home from school one day to find his mother, and her belongings, gone. In an unintentionally risible report, Govoni notes that "as the months became years, the boy's suspicion that his beloved mother would not be returning became a certainty." Years later he learned that she had had a "nervous breakdown," and he did not actually see her again for 20 years, by which time he had begun to make his mark in Hollywood.

In a few years there entered the first of a series of older men who were to take a proprietary interest in the handsome young lad, this one an electrician at the Bristol Hippodrome. By virtue of this friendship, the motherless Archie Leach spent every moment he could get away from school (he was a mediocre student, at best) backstage at the theater. Here he heard about one Bob Pender, a famous name in British music halls and variety theaters, who had a troupe of young male acrobats and "knockabout" comedians. This was 1917, and the war years had depleted the ranks of Pender's boys. At 13, tall for his age, Archie wrote to Pender, cannily enclosing a picture. Pender "liked the look" and snapped him up forthwith. From the time he was legally 14, and expelled from school, Archie Leach never again saw the inside of a schoolroom, and his

spelling today proves it.

It was under Bob Pender's "exact-ing tutelage" that Cary Grant-to-be learned the art of pantomime, an economy of expression and body movement that was to inspire crotchety George Jean Nathan, in an essay on the drama written many years later, to marvel that "Grant can milk more meaning out of a look, or a turn of his head, or just standing still, than most Hollywood hams can bludgeon out of 50 lines of dialogue."

The traveling Pender troupe inevitably crossed the Atlantic to tour the U.S.A. on the B.F. Keith vaudeville circuit, and Archie Leach inevitably elected to stay on in New York when the others returned to England in mid-1921. Out of money, the teenager camped-in with friends until, inevitably, somewhere in his travels about the city he "encountered a man" who just happened to be an executive with Tilyou's Steeplechase Park in Coney Island. Archie was hired, at \$45 a week, to do an advertising stunt for the park by walking on tall stilts up and down the boardwalk, costumed in



A memorable scene from *I Was a Male War Bride*.

vivid red, gold, blue, and white, hawking the "magical delights" to be found on the inside.

With the advent of winter, yet another job was provided by yet another man, the Orry-Kelly (who was to win an Oscar in 1951 as costume designer for *An American in Paris*), peddling hand-painted neckties on a commission basis in Greenwich Village. What with stilt-walking, selling ties, and touring small-town vaudeville circuits with a mind-reading act, five years somehow passed. The next move, as "he

could dance, he had a very pleasant singing voice, he could do comedy, (and) he was also strikingly handsome," was into musical comedy. By 1929 he was starring with Jeanette MacDonald in *Boom-Boom*, at \$450 a week, and both were tested by Paramount. Jeanette succeeded, but Archie was told: "You're bowlegged, and your neck is too thick" and turned down. And, although he was now 25, he was still "not comfortable . . . when he was alone with a girl," Govoni records.

By the time he was approaching 28, he decided to go out to Hollywood on his own, where, again "through a friend" from New York, he got the break that netted him a standard Paramount contract. Studio execs said "Do something about your name," and so Archie Leach, boy acrobat, vaudevillian, musical comedy star, was reborn Cary Grant, film actor. In 1932, his first full year under contract, he worked 52 weeks, with no more than two consecutive days off at any time, in a series of seven films, appearing with Lily Damita, Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sydney, Tallulah Bankhead, Marlene Dietrich, and Nancy Carroll.

Hot Saturday that year marked his first meeting with Randolph Scott, who became his closest friend and with whom he was to set up housekeeping in bachelor digs on and off for many years, first in an apartment on Hollywood Boulevard and later in a house on the Santa Monica beachfront—a location that was to achieve some measure of local notoriety as a haven for "footloose and fancy free" gay blades of the time. In thirties fan mags, it was noted that Cary and Randy always double-dated, and seminal screenwriter Anita Loos remarked, somewhat peevishly, that you couldn't invite one to a party without including the other.

In an oft-repeated anecdote, Mae West takes credit for discovering Grant. Spotting him walking along the studio street in the white naval uniform he was wearing as Lt. Pinkerton in *Madame Butterfly* (with Sylvia Sydney as Cio-Cio-San!), white teeth gleaming in his tanned face, Mae (as who wouldn't?) whistled

"Whooooooo — is *that*?" she purred to Paramount vice-president Al Kaufman.

"Oh, that's Cary Grant. He's making *Madame Butterfly* right now."

"I don't care if he's making *Little*

(continued on page 76)

"Half the fun of making a picture is selling it," said Sam Gage, producer of the ambitious, well-financed and heavily publicized new gay porn feature, *El Paso Wrecking Corp.* Sam, an engaging, energetic and highly articulate young filmmaker, was speaking optimistically, as he usually does. With his film's predecessor, *Kansas City Trucking Co.*, having established itself as a popular and critical smash hit, he could afford a degree of optimism about *El Paso's* fate.

Nevertheless, as a film industry pro, Gage was well aware of the pitfalls which could loom for him and his writer-director partner, Joe Gage, to whom he is related only by their matching pseudonyms and their common goal of making money with a hard-core flick in today's movie market.

Distribution, for instance, is usually haphazard and frequently cut-throat. The open gay movie market in the United States today numbers no more than 15 cities at best, and a flick which might be unobjectionable in one community could be disastrous for a theater owner somewhere else. In addition, print advertising, regarded as essential to the success of any theatrical venture, was grievously crippled in 1977 when some of the nation's most influential wide-circulation newspapers arbitrarily blacked out any mention, paid or otherwise, of X-rated films. And there always is the threat of legal prosecution, anywhere, under whatever local mood is thought to prevail at a given moment.

In the face of all this, the Gages set about during the Christmas season to "float" *El Paso Wrecking Corp.* on the competitive movie market on the strength of its merits and their own burgeoning reputation as filmmakers of taste, integrity and devotion to the message about sexual honesty and freedom which they believe their picture conveys.

The plot of *El Paso* can be summed up briefly. Hank and Gene, the protagonists, are a long-distance trucker team given to frequent, good-natured sexual encounters with young men whose routes cross theirs on the long road of their lives. They share the enviable ability to make it whenever and with whomever they wish. But not all the film's erotic encounters involve one or other of them; some of the liveliest erotic moments in the show occur between fellows who live along the route Hank and Gene travel. These might be called spin-off situations, irrelevant to the story but valuable to the Gages' presentation of their point:

FILM:

A Gay Odyssey

Increasingly, the success of gay films depends on a fine balance of economics and aesthetics. Part II of this report looks at how this balance is achieved.

by Donald Warman

Sex is good, sex is everywhere, and it's there to be enjoyed. Of 22 actors in speaking parts, 14 — including one woman — perform sex acts at one time or another in the film's 80 minutes.

On the grounds that they had nothing to be ashamed of, the two Gages welcomed an interested outsider to sit on their filming sessions and their discussions throughout the shooting and editing of *El Paso*. They spoke with pleasant candor about the problems, challenges and rewards of what they were doing, which was making a classy, artistically honest male-to-male film. Classy in that a lot of money and painstaking effort was spent in every as-

pect of the production. Artistically honest in that *El Paso*, like *Kansas City* before it, projects a positive gay image through the characters of believable people who accept—even revel in—uninhibited sexual expression as a natural and necessary part of the human adventure.

Explaining their concept of gay film erotica as a valid form of expression, Sam Gage told an interviewer:

"There's sexuality around you every moment of the day. Firstly, there's nothing wrong, and probably something good, about taking advantage of it whenever you feel the urge. It's perhaps the most basic form of self-expression. What peo-



El Paso Wrecking Corp's producer Sam Gage espouses the potential of gay film—both economically and socially



El Paso cast members Richard Locke, Fred Halsted, Mike Morris, and Jared Benson on the set

ple do with sexuality is pretend it doesn't exist. One thing we do in our pictures, sometimes without even intending to, is to bring that out. Sex is just *there*, like breathing fresh air. It's something you *do*. And you can learn to appreciate it.

"A basic element of *El Paso* is that men can be friends and be sexually open with each other, too. You can be a homosexual and a man. This picture has an element of humor in it. The characters are happy-go-lucky, harmless, kind, and even affectionate together. To say nothing of being liberated. We don't do rape or sadomasochism. Those are negative, anti-human acts. I would never deal in fist-fucking. I personally know of people who are no longer alive because of that scene.

"On the other hand, I suppose there are some who turn off on pissing. It's 'unhealthy and degrading,' and so on. We use pissing because it can be an exciting erotic act, especially when two people are involved. There are two kinds of sexuality, one of them involving a single person, his fantasy, his masturbation. Then there's the kind involving two people who get interested in some kind of erotic contact and want to pursue it. They agree that something about contact by urination — its warmth, its liquidness — turns them on. Each pushes the other more and more into it. As for being unhealthy, kissing can be unhealthy. And what about smoking? But pissing has a forbidden quality. As we separate ourselves

from the Victorian era, *if we are*, fewer and fewer things fall into that area. So they become interesting because of that. There was a time when oral sex was thought of as unhealthy and forbidden. Only in the last 20 years has it become an accepted part of heterosexual expression."

Gage's remarks came in a wide-ranging discussion which followed one of his interviewer's first questions: How do you pick your performers? Where do they come from? What do they want from this kind of work?

The two Gages invited the questioner to sit in on an evening interviewing session of their own in Joe Gage's Laurel Canyon home, a few days before filming began. Word was around town that the well-regarded makers of *Kansas City Trucking* were going for a sequel, and that a few dozen people might be hired to do some acting or at least to appear on the screen, clothed or otherwise. A few candidates had made dates to appear before the Gages.

By happy coincidence, the first two youths who arrived were destined to be cast in *El Paso*. They are referred to here by the names they decided upon for their joint screen debut. Jared Benson, a sweet-faced, boyish blond who could pass for 16, said he was 21, a bartender and haircutter by trade. "What are the sexual particulars?" he asked matter-of-factly. "Whatever you're most comfortable at," he was as-

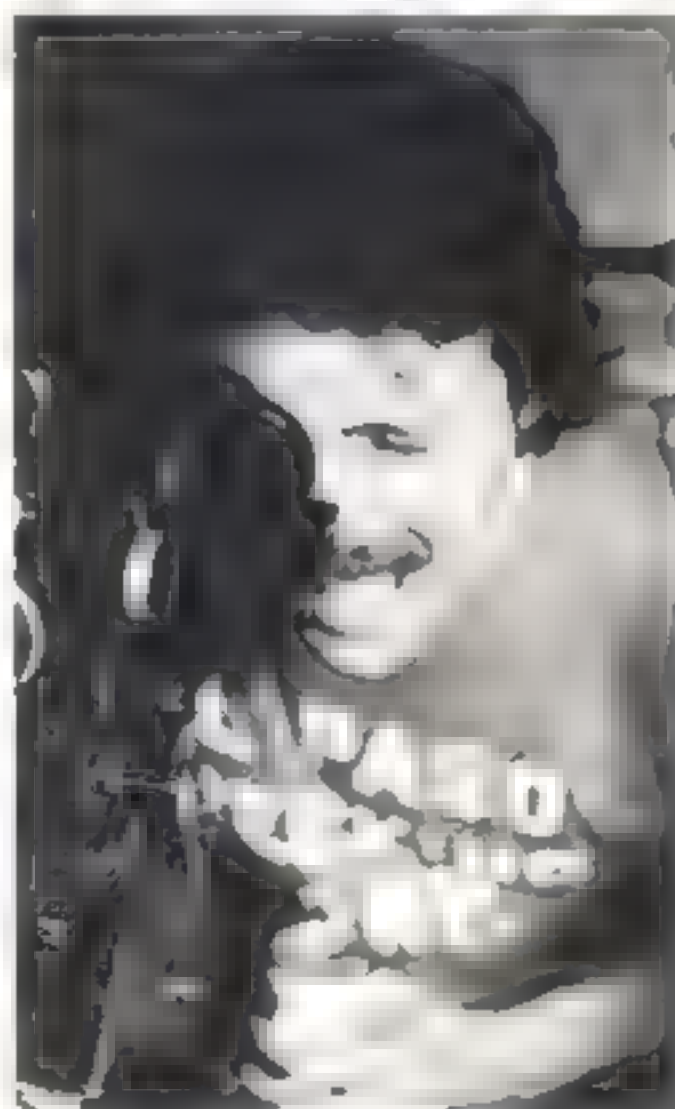
sured. "We let the sex materialize as it goes." Aaron Taylor (see IN TOUCH #32), Jared's buddy, is a darkly handsome, hunky six-footer with a beguiling smile. He introduced himself as being 21 and a professional dancer "when I can get a job."

Neither was asked to strip, because they had been sent to the Gages by a well-known Hollywood producer of male stage shows; he had forwarded nude photos and notes on the pair. The notation on Jared was that he had a tattoo on his hip, a factor which might disqualify him from the role of a virginal chicken. The blond boy dropped his jeans to display the tattoo. It isn't a vulgar one, so he passed inspection. Aaron Taylor's photo revealed a tan line, which turned the Gages off. They believe the skin contrast detracts from the appeal of the nude body. But Aaron is a beauty, a sure winner.

"We pay \$100 a day for maybe 12 hours' work," Joe Gage advised them. "A couple hours of rehearsal, an hour before the camera. If anything bothers you about sex, let us know." Each said he had no sexual hang-ups and would respond to reasonable orders. "Then try to avoid sex for a few days ahead of time," Joe continued. "We want you fresh." Thus the youths learned they had been hired on the spot. When they were gone, Sam Gage commented. "You'll notice that nowadays they all say they'll do anything. A few years ago, the guys made it a matter of pride to mention all the things they *wouldn't* do. A sign of the times, I guess."

(Aaron got the almost fully clothed part of Jim, a boy in the opening bar sequence who joins his pal for some enthusiastic masturbation in an auto. Jared appeared as Seth, the collegiate son of the owner of the El Paso wrecking yard where the action climaxes. The plot specified that both these characters be inexperienced, novices to sophisticated gay sex. As it turned out, both actors revealed a less-than-naïve sexuality; Jared, the college virgin, was to have been felled by Fred Halsted in his sexual initiation. But Jared can't keep an erection unless he's being fucked. Halsted obliged, at some loss to Jared's screen credibility. And Aaron showed up for his JO scene wearing a cock ring, a detail the Gages didn't notice until they saw it in the rushes — when it was too late.)

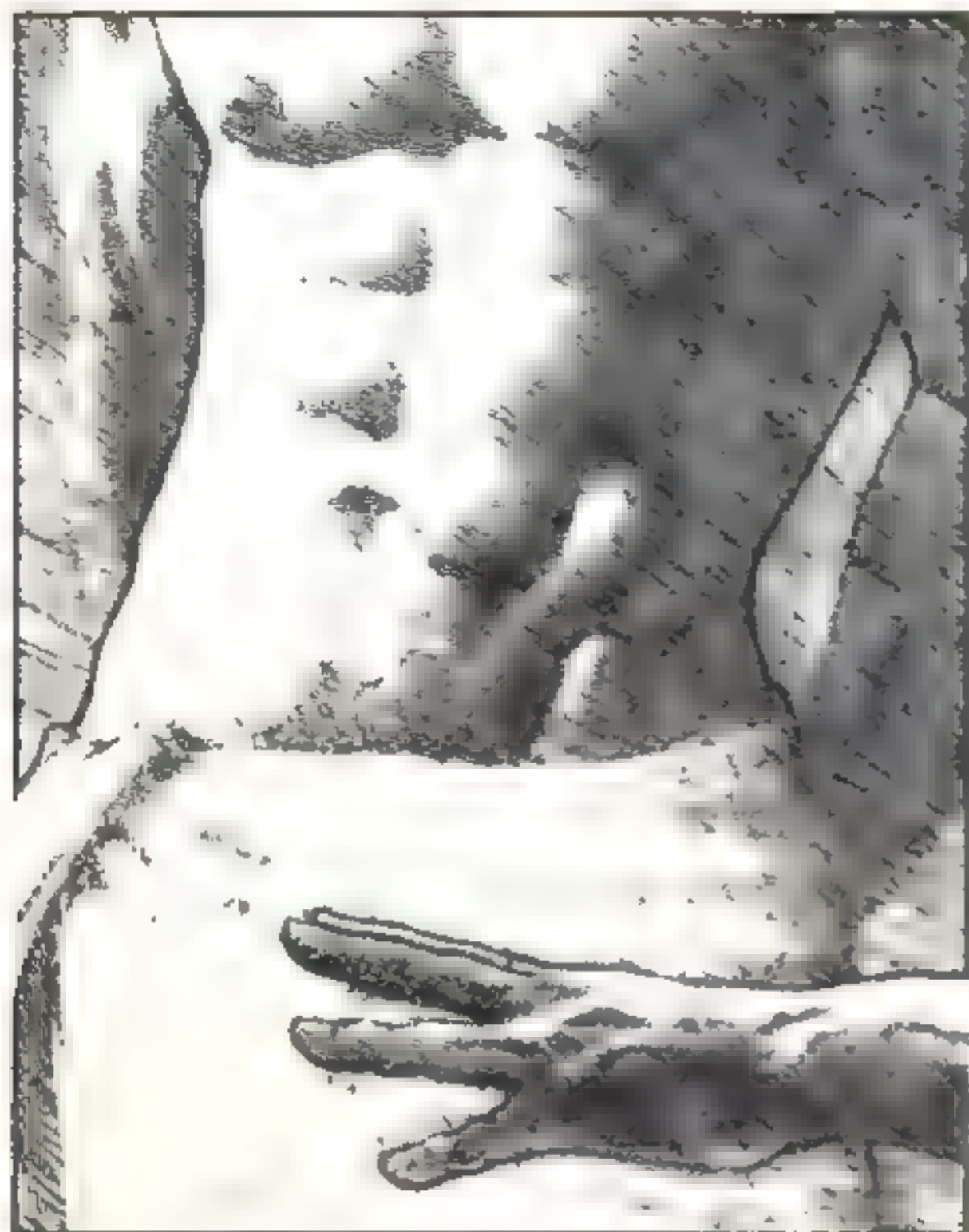
That evening's next candidates



Director Joe Gage shares his partner's enthusiasm for the future of gay film as a viable art form.

photos by Richard Lyle

(continued on page 60)



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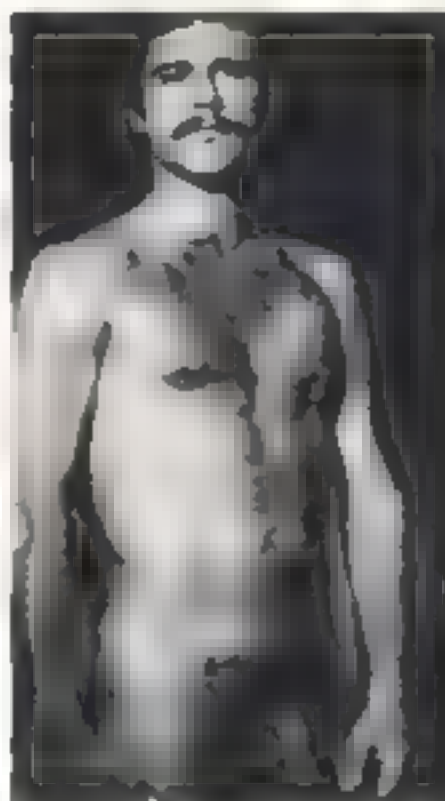
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When Barbra Streisand saw the portrait Robert Redding had done of her for his own pleasure, she liked it so much she asked if she could have it. Complimented by her enthusiasm, Redding gave it to her. Subsequently, the portrait graced her *Live at the Forum* album cover, all publicity attendant to her various concert benefits for the McGovern presidential campaign (including billboards), and a poster eagerly collected by Streisand fans around the world.

Robert Redding's portrait art has been in demand ever since. Ex-Mama Michelle Phillips commissioned him to do a portrait of her daughter Chynna. A portrait of composer-songwriter Jimmy Webb was used on the cover of *Songwriter Magazine*, for whom Redding has done several other covers, including one of Bread's David Gates. (Gates liked it so well that he bought it for his family.)

Redding was working as a bouncer-doorman at Los Angeles' legendary Troubadour — the nightclub that helped launch the careers of such groups and individuals as Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, Linda Ronstadt, Elton John, and Bette Midler, who now owns two Redding portraits of herself. The word was out that "the kid at the door" was a great artist, and celebrities like Kenny Rankin, Joni Mitchell and Syreeta Wright, after appearing at the Troubadour, had Redding do their portraits.

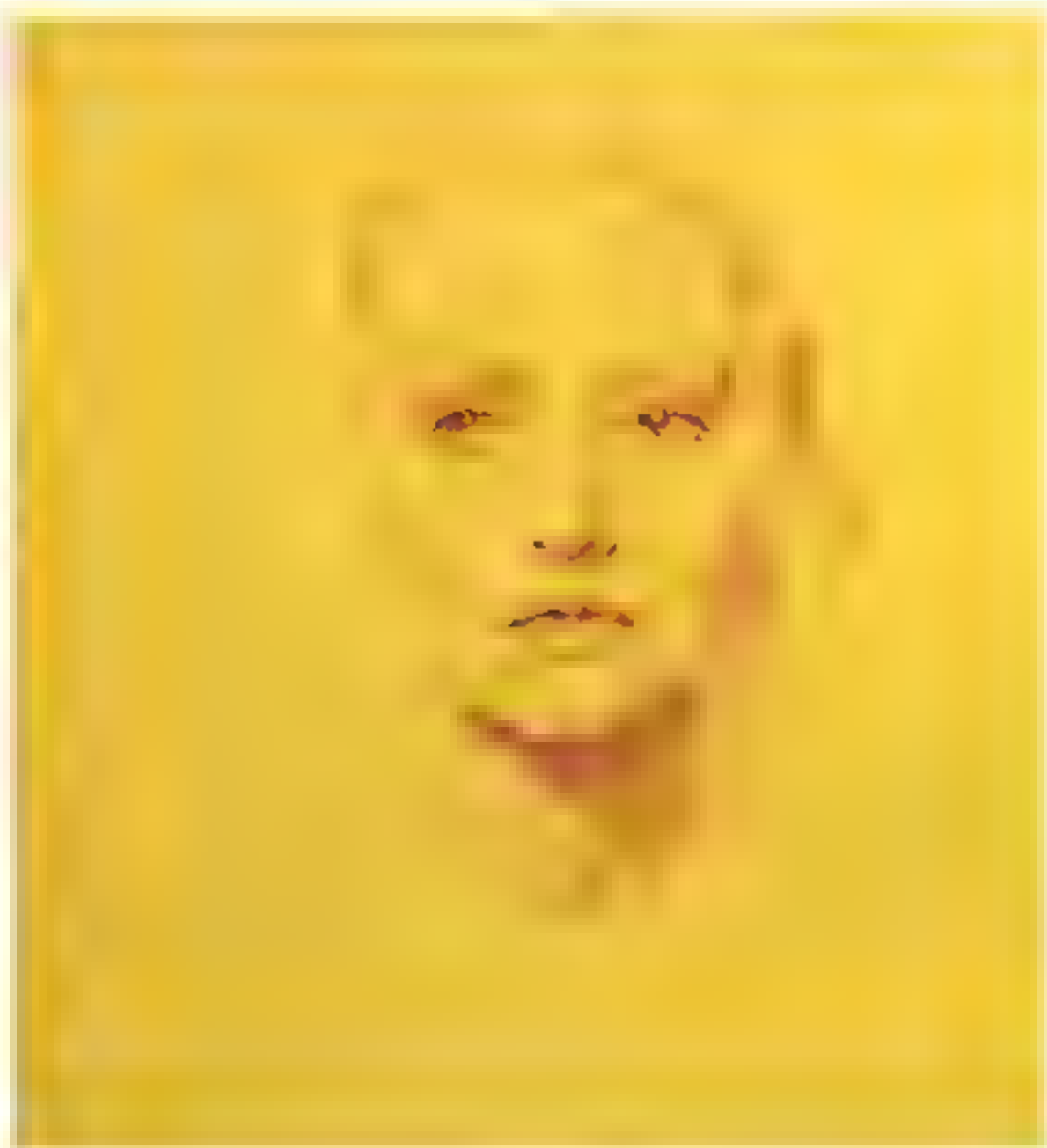
Word travels fast in Hollywood, and Redding was on his way. Born into a family of football players (his father is a football coach), Redding at 6'4", 190#, didn't take up athletics as a profession, but readily adopted the "goals-attained" philosophy.

The renowned rock group "Chicago" had Redding do portraits for all of its many members for their national tour programs. Then L.A.'s Ahmanson Theater commissioned him to do portrait posters for their 7th season stars: Sarah Miles, Richard Thomas, Barbra Bel Geddes, Richard Chamberlain, Jean Stapleton, and Robert Lansing. Elizabeth Taylor and Henry Fonda own Redding's work and, for some, having such illustrious patrons would be an end unto itself. But not for Redding. Intent on an acting career, Redding auditioned for, and got, the role of "Queenie" in Sal Mineo's California and New York productions of *Fortune and Men's Eyes*. Television roles in "Marcus Welby," "Starsky and Hutch," and "The Rookies" followed, as did a major

Text by Charlene Webster Photography by David Meyer

The Art of Robert Redding





role in Brian Taggart's *When Last I Saw the Lemmings*, which opened to rave reviews at Los Angeles' New Matrix Theater.

Currently, Redding is very busy with the national company of the hit musical review, *Mama's Boys*—not only as an accomplished singer, but as general designer of the *Mama's Boys* look and image. 1978 finds him administering concepts from the group's production company, Starship Productions, in Beverly Hills, and traveling and performing with the one-woman, eight-man show to San Diego, Houston, Atlanta, Boston, and other cities.

Keep your eye on Robert Redding. You'll be seeing—and hearing—a lot more from him. ■■







Historic Pioneer Square offers galleries, gift shops, and boutiques.



The Space Needle is internationally known as the symbol of Seattle.

Seattle's large gay population is scattered throughout the city, and cruising is a popular sport nearly everywhere.



The next time you go to bed with someone who has webbed feet, you'll know he's from Seattle. At least so the legend goes. Actually, the Queen City of the Northwest receives an annual rainfall which is lower than that of any major urban area in the East. It happens, however, that eighty-two percent of the precipitation is concentrated into a seven-month period and thus tends to be noticed. Hardly a day passes from October to April when there is not at least one shower. The rain, called Seattle Sunshine, is slow, warm, and intermittent. You can leave home in the morning, swaddled in a slicker and huddled under your umbrella, only to be greeted by clear skies and sunlight before noon. As a result, there is probably a greater incidence of lost hushershoos and raincoats in Seattle than anywhere else in the world. Residents eventually give up on rain gear and simply face the elements without it.

One result of all the moisture is lush vegetation all year around. The climate is tempered by the warm Japanese Current, and the city, positioned like the return address on the envelope of the continental United States, enjoys a unique mixture of tropical and northern plants and trees. Azaleas, rhododendrons, and camellias blossom pink, red and white beneath towering Douglas firs.

Judged by a number of recent magazine polls to be one of the most desirable of all American cities, Seattle has few streets which are unsafe to walk at any hour of the day or night. It is what most cities used to be, and much more. Gay people move about in it with few problems and find much to please them.

Founded in 1861, Seattle is located on Puget Sound with the spectacular snowcapped Olympics. America's youngest metropolitan area to one side and Lake Washington and the Cascade Mountains to the other. Mount Baker, a steaming volcano, is visible to the north, and Mount Rainier, an ermine-shrouded giant, broods to the south. Because the city is built on a series of steep hills, it offers any number of breathtaking views of water, mountains, sunrises, and sunsets.

For all the rain, Seattle is never unpleasant. With the sun shining, it is perfection. Sapphire skies are somehow reflected as a much deeper blue in the waters of Elliot Bay. You can be sunbathing with the Olympic range in full view and, at the same time, watch an endless parade of bodies. When the sun comes out, Seattle is a naked city.

Gay people live elsewhere in the city, but so many of them have gravitated to Capitol Hill and Queen Anne Hill that these areas are known locally as the Swiss Alps.

With a metropolitan population of 1.4 million, Seattle is divided informally into a series of communities, or districts, each with a character and pace all its own. Capitol Hill, for example, has a cosmopolitan flavor, a bit like that of certain cities on the East Coast. Small book stores, boutiques, and gift shops are tucked in among a high concentration of apartment buildings. Any shopping expedition to Broadway, the Hill's main thoroughfare, includes plenty of heavy cruising.

**For gays, it can be
a little bit of
heaven...even
when it rains.**

Volunteer Park, also on Capitol Hill, is home to the Seattle Art Museum, an art deco monument which houses one of the finest Oriental art collections in the country. The park is perhaps the city's major cruising ground, and in spring, summer, and fall its secluded paths are filled with men enjoying the wonders of nature.

Kinnear Park on Queen Anne and the University of Washington Arboretum are also favorite gay meeting places. Freeway Park, 5.4 acres of manmade beauty, is constructed atop a huge bridge spanning the city's major north-south traffic artery. Its waterfalls mask the noise of the cars which whiz by beneath, and in summer it's a place for hip people from the Hills to meet the coat-and-tie, junior executive set.

The International District, directly adjacent to downtown, boasts a clutch of excellent Chinese restaurants, serving everything from the prized Peking Duck to Dim Sum, exotic and delicious tea pastries, available from eleven in the morning to four in the afternoon and filled with everything from shark fin to tripe to savory mixtures of pork, shrimp, and chicken.

Seattle is a great restaurant town, and those in the International District represent only a small percent of the total. You can eat anywhere from cheap to elegant, running the gamut from homestyle to exotic, and still have plenty of places you haven't yet tried.

A must-see is Pioneer Square. This historic section is lined with restored buildings dating from 1889. Galleries, antique stores, and specialty shops make use of the vintage spaces in exciting, contemporary ways. Through the area runs Yesler Way, a street which in Seattle's earliest days was the path down which logs were skidded to the water. Called Skid Road, corrupted to Skid Row, it gave its name to at least one street in every other major city in America.

The Pike Place Market, a public facility located between downtown and the waterfront, was established in 1907 as a place for farmers to sell their produce. It is being refurbished and expanded through a voter-approved bond issue. Shops and stalls sell everything from fresh fish to spiced tea. Strolling musicians entertain, and local craftsmen display their wares.

The University District includes the University of Washington and its service area. The largest campus in the West, the "U" is known for Asian studies and marine research. With such facilities as Meany Hall, a large theater and concert hall, and the Henry Gallery, it is one of the city's centers of cultural activity.

The other is Seattle Center, the seventy-four acre site of the 1962 World's Fair. Located a mile from downtown and connected to it by a ninety-second monorail ride, this parklike complex contains magnificent fountains and contemporary sculpture, the Pacific Science Center, with its airy, white arches de-

SEATTLE

by Ward Michaels

photos by Robert Nichols

signed by Minoru Yamasaki, and the Space Needle, the structure which has become the city's symbol. Six hundred and five feet high, the Needle contains in its flying-saucer-like crown an observation deck and a cocktail lounge-restaurant which revolves a full 360 degrees each hour. Other remnants of the fair still in constant use are a colosseum and an arena. Along one side of the Center grounds are the Seattle Opera House and the Seattle Center Playhouse, homes of a major symphony orchestra, the opera, a fledgling ballet company, and a repertory theater.

Seattle Symphony, with its dynamic young conductor, Rainer Mielde, plays a soldout season. In addition to its regular productions, Seattle Opera presents Wagner's Ring Cycle in back-to-back English and German performances each summer, attracting music lovers from all over the United States and several foreign countries. Seattle Repertory Theater is one of the largest and most successful professional theaters in America, with close to 24,000 season subscribers. In addition to the Rep, several other theater groups operate annual seasons, and musical and dance ensembles thrive throughout the city.

Visual artists and craftsmen find Seattle a friendly atmosphere within which to work, and a unique program which earmarks one percent of city construction funds for art insures a growing collection of public sculpture, including even specially designed manhole covers.

Seattle is sports mad. Using as its focal point the new Kingdome, a huge covered stadium just south of downtown, the city supports major-league football, baseball, and basketball teams, as well as soccer and ice hockey organizations. Puget Sound and Lake Washington with locks and canals connecting them with Baker, Homer and Green Lakes, make sailing, power boating, and both fresh and salt water fishing major sports. In fact, there are more boats per capita in Seattle than in any other city in the country. For those who don't own a boat but still crave time on the water, there is an extensive ferry system with large craft resembling showboats crisscrossing Elliott Bay and the Sound all day long and far into the night. During summer, a cruise ship makes a daily run back and forth to picturesque Victoria, British Columbia, and the Alaska Ferry paces the inland waterway on a regular schedule.

Skiing, backpacking, climbing, and

other mountain-related activities are within easy driving distance as is the seashore. Because of the mild climate and the nearness of the mountains, you can go boating in the morning, skiing in the afternoon and barhopping in the evening.

Speaking of bars, most are located in or near downtown. No weekend is complete without a trip to the Boren Street Disco (2015 Boren Ave.). Originally a Swedish social hall, it comes with fireplace, balcony, and open beamed ceiling. Even though there may be a line at the door, the wait is well worth it, especially if you're looking for the young, dance-oriented crowd. Before or after stopping at the Boren, people often go to **The Park Bench** (1914 8th Ave.), a cozy, clubby restaurant and bar.

For another sort of dancing and a fun trip into the past, visit the **Doubleheader** (407 2nd Ave.). Said to be the oldest continuously operating nightclub in Seattle, it's a haunt for settled couples from all over the Puget Sound region and features an oompah band. Brush up on your polka and old time waltz, or you'll feel left out.

Formerly the jock bar for Seattle University, the **Eleven-Eleven** (1111 East Pike St.) is a good place to enjoy a quiet beer.

The **Golden Crown** (1608 Times Court) nestles in an alley at the downtown end of the monorail. It's basically a Cantonese restaurant but its piano bar has a loyal following.

The headquarters for motorcycle clubs and leather types is **Johnny's**

Handlebar (2018 1st Ave.). It's as hard-core as Seattle gets, and is no place to go for a casual chat. Watch the color of your handkerchief and where you wear it. They're having a big Anniversary bash April 18, if you're in the neighborhood. Housed in the Handlebar is **Pachy's Leather Cell**, a specialty leather shop. If you can describe it, Pachy can make it for you.

Just down the street is the newest place in town, one that's also popular with the leather-and-levis set. **Tugs Belltown** (2207 1st Ave.) is about the only tavern in Seattle that serves beer in a frosted mug. On Friday and Saturday nights, it's the place to go if you reach the anonymous grope.

The **Marshall's Office** (1224 Howell St.) is filled with all the same people who frequent the Handlebar, only they've rediscovered their vocal cords.

To mingle with the midmanagement, junior exec fraternity, stop by **Mr. Larry's** (801 Pike St.). A bar and restaurant, it's a friendly spot with lots of talk and lots of touching. The **Mocambo** (203 Yesler Way), fondly known as the "Mo," has a restaurant, too, and attracts much the same crowd as Larry's. A recent addition, **Name-of-the-Game** (422 4th Ave.), includes a big lounge filled with marshmallow couches, a disco floor, and a restaurant.

Another new place is the **Riverboat** (922 3rd Ave.). Featuring female impersonators and dancing, this red-on-red bistro is a welcome addition to the scene.

The **Six-Eleven** (611 2nd Ave.)



Seattle skyline from Queen Anne Hill, a favorite residential area for gays

caters to a rather reserved group and includes a piano bar, good sound system, and dancing. Spag's (924 Pine St.) is a dark, two room east-plain-tavern with pool tables. It's especially lively on weekend afternoons.

Referred to as "the Numbers," the 2024 (2024 Westlake Ave.) is big on pool and pinball and appeals to all ages.

There are other gay bars in Seattle, of course, and the above list is not intended to be exhaustive. The ones mentioned, however, offer enough variety and excitement to keep you busy for at least a few nights.

You may want to end your evening at one of several afterhours clubs or at the baths. Atlas Athletic Club (1318 2nd Ave.) is a good choice. It's large, with plenty of room to room, and offers a Jacuzzi, television, pool tables, steam bath, showers, and a room for group action.

Dave's Steambaths (2402 1st Ave.) has a lower price tag than the Atlas, a sauna, and one of those huge television screens that lets you experience Clark Gable at nearly life size.

The Southend Steambaths (115 1/2 1st Ave. So.), or Pioneer Bath Club, is downstairs near Pioneer Square and boasts a heated swimming pool.

If books are your beat, you have several stores to visit. Try Adult Bookstore (1415 1st Ave.), Champ Arcade and Bookstore (1413 1st Ave.), Union 100 Bookstore (1400 1st Ave.), and Magazine City (1210 1st Ave.). Magazine City also offers a wide selection of standard magazines, paperbacks, and out-of-town newspapers. All are within an easy walk of one another along 1st Ave., the nearest thing Seattle has to a "Strip." Carcinogen Bookstore (611 Pike St.) is also worth a browse.

For the best in first-run films, attend Sultan's Cinema (1313 1st Ave.), the city's only male erotic movie house. Sultan's is an intimate theater with an exclusively gay bookstore in the front. It's also the place to buy good quality eight and super eight films, should you want to take Gordon Grant home with you.

All in all, Seattle is a happy, comfortable city in which to live or visit. It has much to recommend it, only a portion of which is described here. Come see for yourself. You won't regret your trip, even if it should happen to rain.

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John Henninger prefers gentle men—which may be why he enjoys “sculpting” them, like quilts, out of satin, velvet, and other materials.

His interest in this unique art form was first sparked by his grandmother, who taught him to sew. Because he has “never had any mechanical abilities” he prefers soft, pliable things to work with.

Though the majority of his sculptures have been of men, John has constructed old women and senior citizens in the same materials.

His first gallery showing was made possible by Kate Millett, who saw his work and encouraged a friend to give it a chance to be seen. He is currently one of fifteen American sculptors featured at an international exhibit in Tehran, Iran.

Born and raised in California, John has designed dresses for Donna Summer and Natalie Cole. He lives in Santa Monica, where he devotes as much time as possible to his unique creations.



ALLS





BOBBY'S

FRIEND

Fiction by Ward Michaels



Illustration by Robb Barton

You might have read about it in the papers, tucked away on the back pages — how this kid disappeared from a town on the Oregon coast. So far, no one's found a trace of him. The state police don't think it's a run-of-the-mill drowning case. The boy was too good a swimmer for that, even if he was . . . well, that's getting ahead of the story.

Every article ends with the same plea: "Will anyone with information as to the whereabouts of Bobby Farber please come forward."

I have some information, but I'm not going to talk about it to the police. If I did, they'd lock me up — not in jail, in the loony bin.

I was working for *The Weekly* in Seaworth, about ten miles from Conners Beach, where young Bobby disappeared. The editor was always after me to dig up human interest stuff, something that would up the circulation. I reported on lots of church picnics, rose festivals, and salmon contests. Nothing much happens along the Oregon coast, at least not the kind of stuff people buy papers to read about.

That's why I was so excited when, about a week before the kid's disappearance, Charlie Hooker told me what had happened down at Conners Beach. We were in the midst of our usual Friday night date. Charlie's great. He's a hardworking fisherman, and there's not a soft place on his whole body. I'm crazy about him, and sometimes I wish I could have him all to myself.

He lay on his back, blowing smoke rings. "I heard quite a story last Sunday," he said.

"What's that?" I asked drowsily.

"There's this sixteen-year-old kid I know."

I snorted. "Robbing the cradle, aren't you?"

Charlie shook his head. "It's nothing like that. I've never been to bed with him, even though it's a temptation. Bobby's . . . well, he's what they used to call simple."

"You mean retarded?"

"That's a harsh word. Bobby's beautiful and sweet, the kind of innocent kid who'd never hurt anybody. I don't know how to explain it. It's as if he got to a certain age, maybe nine or ten, and just stopped learning."

"Sad."

"Yeah. Besides that, he's an orphan. Lives — if you can call it that — with an aunt whose only interest in him is the support money she gets from the state. You wouldn't believe the cuts and bruises I've fixed up for him. The poor kid needs love

so bad it hurts. I spend what time I can with him, but it's not much.

"Anyway, Bobby claims he found something on the beach. I don't know what it was, really. He says it's a merman."

"A what?"

"A merman. You know, it's like a mermaid, except it's half fish, half guy."

"Are they common around here?"

"Of course not," he replied, looking at me as though he thought I was serious. "There's no such thing."

"I know that. Do you think the kid found anything, or is he just making it up?"

"Oh, I think he found something, all right. He doesn't make up stories, at least he never has before. He even borrowed my camera so he could get some shots of it. Hard telling what it is — probably some kind of deformed sea lion."

"Tell me his name and how to find him, so I can drive over tomorrow and talk to him."

"What are you planning to do?" Charlie asked suspiciously.

"Relax," I said. "I think there may be a story there, even if it is about a deformed sea lion."

About nine the next morning, I took off for Conners Beach. It's a sort of a town stuck between the mountains and the ocean. In the fall and winter, it's as dismal as any summer resort, maybe worse than most because a cold, sleety wind blows off the ocean continually. The residents who can afford it take off for places like Palm Springs as soon as the tourists leave. Bobby Farber was not of this lucky group.

I pulled up before an unpainted cabin. The place had a bedraggled appearance, about the way my bed looked by the time Charlie Hooker and I rolled out of it that morning.

I knocked, and the door was opened by a young boy, wiping his gray-blue eyes. At the time, I thought he was trying to get the sleep out of them. Slim and handsome, with a mop of curly blond hair, he was just the type of kid a lot of guys go for, and I knew what Charlie meant about having to fight temptation. Looking at him, it was hard for me to believe the boy was retarded.

"Bobby Farber?" I asked, grinning at him.

He looked at me, hitching up the brief cutoffs which were the only thing he wore and trying to figure out who I might be.

"My name's Don Warner," I said. "Can I come in?"

"My aunt's not home," he said. "She just left for work."

"That's just as well. You're the one I came to see."

Bobby backed away, fear in his eyes. "Are you from . . . that place?" he asked, his voice trembling.

"What place?"

"The place Aunt Jean says she's going to send me to because I'm bad and she can't take care of me any more. It's a place for crazy people. Aunt Jean says I'm crazy. If you're from there, I don't want anything to do with you."

"I'm not from anyplace like that. And I don't think you're crazy." His eyes brightened, and he smiled. "Mr. Hooker sent me," I said.

"Who's that?" the boy asked, giving me a blank look with his opaque eyes and making it clear that he still did not trust me.

"He says you've known each other for awhile. He's a fisherman who works out of here."

"Oh, Charlie," the boy said, grinning. "I never asked him his last name. You and him friends?"

"Yeah, real good friends. Charlie tells me you found something unusual on the beach the other day."

I could feel him withdraw, as if I were going to strike him.

"What if I did?"

"I just want to talk to you about it, that's all," I smiled, and he seemed to relax a bit.

"Okay, as long as you're a friend of Charlie's," he answered cautiously. "But I don't want a lot of people coming around here scaring him."

"Huh?"

"My merman. He's shy."

"Merman?" I asked, playing dumb. "The thing you found looks like a man?"

"He doesn't look like a man, he is a man, more than that. The bottom half of him's a fish, with a tail and everything."

"Really?" I said, humoring him. "Tell me about him."

His eyes searched my face, as though trying to decide whether or not to trust me. His face was a mirror of his thoughts. His brow wrinkled and his lips pursed as he struggled with the decision. Then, having decided, his face calmed and brightened.

"I was walking down on the beach," he began. "It was real early last Sunday. I always go out before anybody else gets up. That way I find all the best shells I'd like to make a collection, but Aunt Jean takes them to sell to the tourists."

"Anyway, I came around this big rock, the one people call the Bounty, because it's shaped kind of like an old wooden ship, and there he was.

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He was lying on the sand, face down, with his arms stretched out above his head. His skin was smooth and blue-white, the color of fresh milk, and drops of water clung to it like jewels. The way the muscles stood out on his back looked just like the pictures in one of the body builder magazines I like to look at when I go to the drugstore. I guess he's that way because he swims all the time.

"I couldn't see his face. It was shoved into the sand, but his hair was really something. It was long, down to his shoulders, and it spread out like a fan all around his head. The color of it was like nothing I ever saw before."

"What color was it?" I asked, fascinated at the way the boy came to life as he told his story. He didn't talk like someone with the mind of a child.

"Sort of green, but not exactly. The closest thing I can think of is the inside of a cucumber, that kind of light green that's nearly white. It was shiny like the paint on some cars when the sunlight hits it, like it had flakes of silver in it."

"What really got me, though, was the way he was built below the waist. Where his legs should be, he had a tail, just like a big fish. I figured it was a costume, that he was playing a joke on me for some reason, so I knelt down beside him and felt the place where the scales joined his flesh. There was no seam. The skin just flowed into the scales."

The scales were the greatest part of all. They were about the size of fifty-cent pieces, and every one had a different pattern etched into it. They were the same color as his hair, except they got darker the closer to the bottom fin they were. The fin itself was a purplish-red and blue, like those Siamese fighting fish they had at the dime store one time.

"I sat beside him and stared at him for a long time, trying to tell myself he wasn't there. But I could feel the cold wind whipping in off the water, so I knew I wasn't dreaming — and I wasn't crazy."

"What happened then?" I asked, discovering to my surprise that I was half believing the kid.

"All of a sudden, he moved. Before I could get up, he lifted his head and looked at me. His eyes were strange, sort of as if you couldn't see into them."

"Like yours?" I asked, smiling. He shrugged. "Something like

mine I guess, but light green, the color of his hair and scales."

"He just stared at me. He has a wonderful face, a grown-up man's face with a good strong nose and chin, but smooth like an angel's."

Bobby made the statement as if he had no doubt that there are angels and that they have handsome, masculine faces.

"I could tell he was scared and helpless, just like I get sometimes. He didn't say anything, but I knew he wanted me to help him. The best thing to do was drag him back to the water, but, with the tide out, it was too far away."

"I did the second best thing. Just up from the Bounty, that big rock, there's a little cave in the side of the cliff. The entrance is covered with bushes, and I'm the only one who knows about it. Just inside is a pool, deep enough to swim in but not very big around. I grabbed the merman under the shoulders and dragged him up there. He didn't fight me. In fact, he helped by flopping his tail from side to side, moving the lower half of his body like a snake, but nicer."

"When I had him inside, I rolled him into the pool. He swam around for a minute, and then he turned and gave me the most beautiful smile I've ever seen. Then he did something else." The boy blushed, but with a beautifully shy smile of his own.

"What?" I asked, almost afraid to speak for fear of breaking the youth's concentration.

"He held out his big arms to me, and I leaned over the edge of the pool to him. He kissed me, and I knew he was thanking me for bringing him to the water. I never felt anything like that kiss. It was so warm. I can't even tell you what it was like." Just listening to the happiness in his voice, I had a pretty good idea.

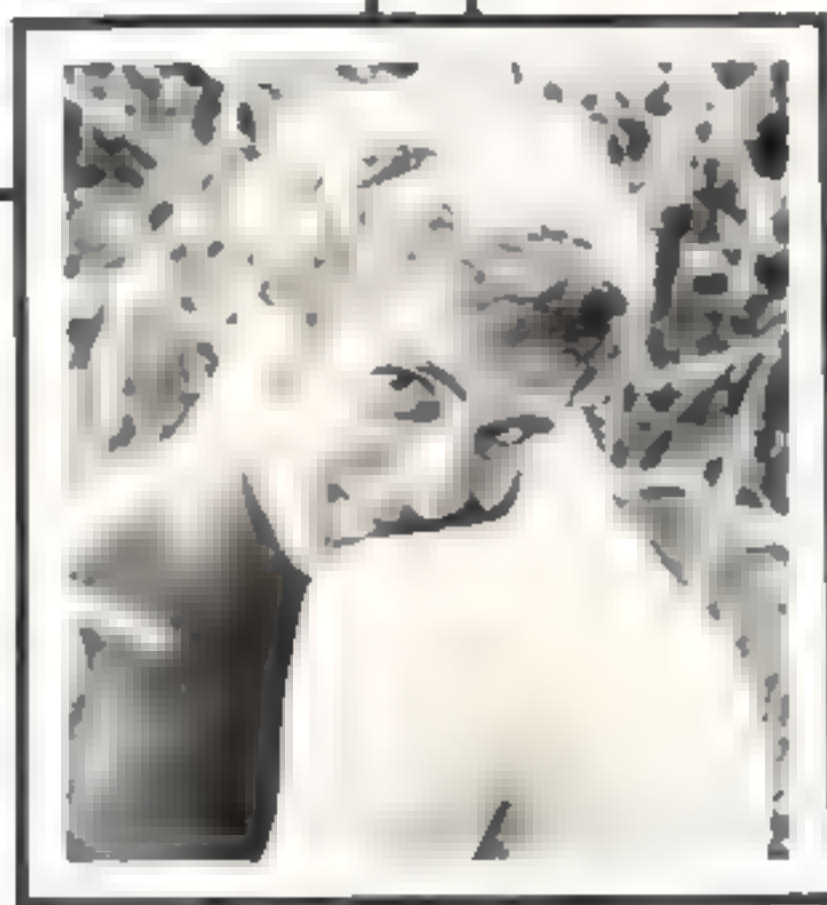
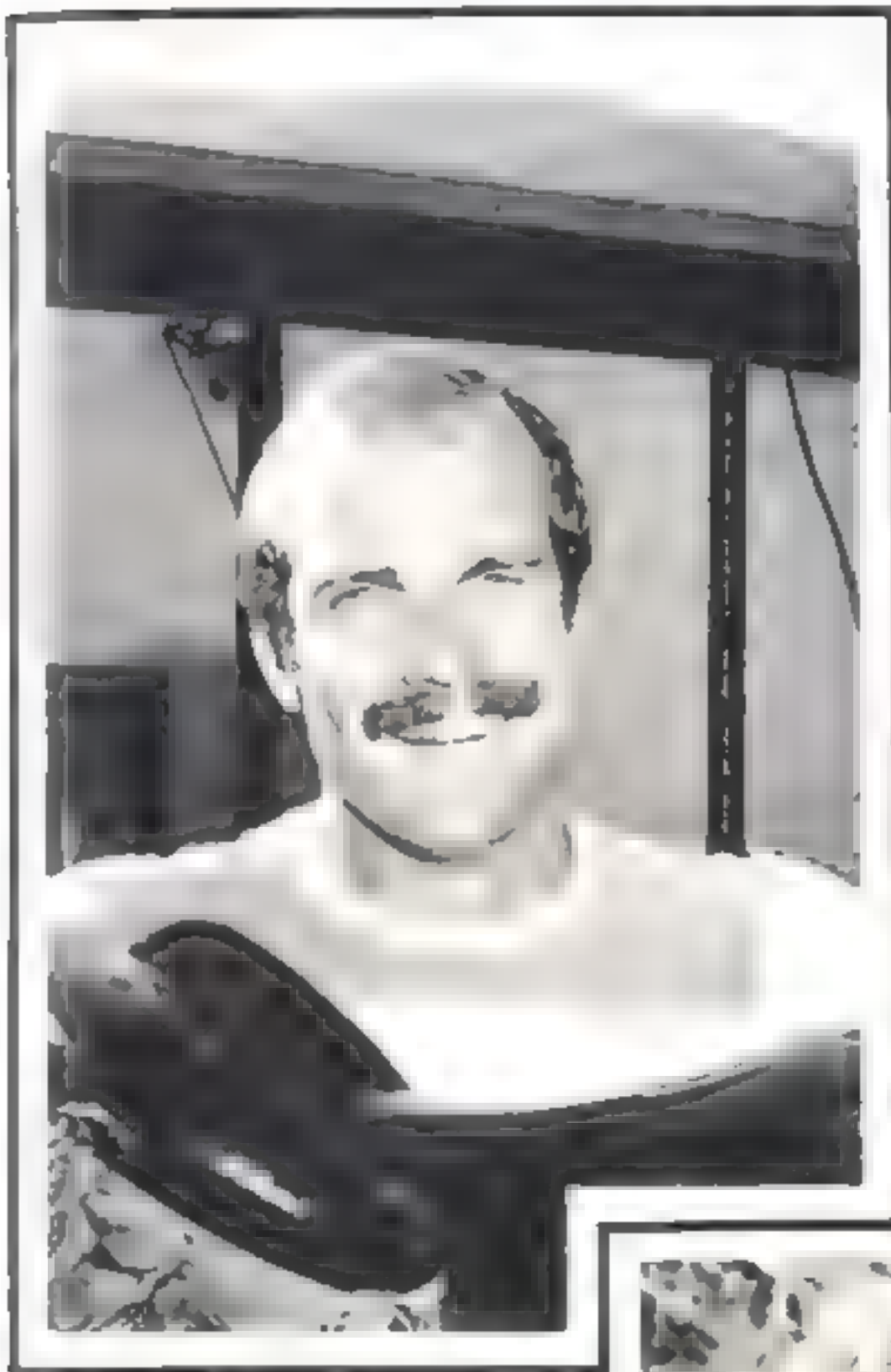
"I stayed with him, watching him swim around and soak up the water. When my stomach started to growl, I knew I'd better get back here. Aunt Jean gets real mad when I'm late for meals."

"Before I came away, I brushed out the marks his tail had made in the sand so nobody would follow them."

"Right after breakfast, I went over to Charlie's boat like I usually do on Sunday mornings. I told him all about the merman. I probably shouldn't have, but Charlie's like, like . . ."

(continued on page 75)

introducing *Steve and Dan*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RYAN BOYD

Dan Jacobs and Steve Dougherty's lives are the stuff of which gay novels are made. Lovers for three years, Dan, a 34-year-old Pisces, and Steve, a 31-year-old Virgo, run a horse ranch outside Los Angeles. The pair train purebred Arabian showhorses—yearlings on

up—and spend several months a year travelling cross-country on the horse show circuit. Dan handles the training, Steve supervises the business end and the breeding of new stock. Both men have a natural masculinity, a sense of fun, and a devotion to each other that can serve as an example for both single and married gays everywhere.









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Neal Cassady & Jack Kerouac photo by Carolyn Cassady 1956



Jack Kerouac, Cathy Cassady, Neal Cassady



"On Kerouac's road, life is a process, not a product."

Looking Back...

On The Road

by Brian Bounous

Tuned to the beat of bop and jazz, the sound of an eager post-WWII America, two men went on the road together for adventure and the time of their lives. Jack Kerouac recorded these adventures with his buddy Neal Cassidy in his largely autobiographical book, *On The Road*, where Jack becomes the young writer Sal Paradise and Neal the blazing sensualist, Dean Moriarty. When the book was published, Kerouac was immediately proclaimed spokesman of his generation and elevated to the status of a folk hero. His name still conjures up the popular image of smoky bars, bearded poets and beatnik cafes. But as we read *On The Road*, we may be left wondering: where is the center line of this man's road, who are these men at the center of Kerouac's book? Although we find a controlling center in the narrator Sal Paradise, through whose eyes we view the events and characters of the story, it is Dean Moriarty who defines the spiritual, philosophical and stylistic center of Kerouac's road. He makes the narrative move even as he motivates Sal, and he

embodies both the source of Kerouac's art and the object of Sal's quest.

In the tradition of American literature, ties between two males have often served as a symbol of innocence, but on Kerouac's romance road of men adventuring together, the male-male eros of Sal and Dean becomes a highly charged masculine involvement. Their friendship is based on the magnetic pull of their fundamental differences, and in the course of their relationship, Sal assumes a decidedly retiring, subservient role to the masculine, aggressive Dean, whom he obediently follows.

As Sal proclaims: "I just wanted to follow. I was always ready to follow Dean." Although Sal clothes his attraction to Dean in platonic terms ("he reminded me of some long-lost brother") the tone quickly shifts and his portrait of Dean takes on the language of a prosaic, bop version of courtly romance, in which the spurned lover praises the virtues of the beloved: "His dirty work-clothes clung to him so gracefully as though you couldn't buy a better fit from a custom tailor but only

earn it from the Natural Tailor of Natural Joy, as Dean had in his stresses." What Nature hath wrought is "his straining muscular dominant physicality that seems a sweating neck—an overarching and truly fit vehicle for his 'wild yeasaying overburst of American joy'.

Dean appears as a figure of the essential, mythical American—expansive, outgoing, active, direct; a "trim, thin-hipped, blue-eyed" man with a real Oklahoma accent—"a sideburned hero of the snowy West." This long-lost brother is a hero of the brotherhood of men Kerouac sees throughout America—a vast man's country where men, among themselves, share a special soul-knowledge and communication. In Dean's voice, Sal hears "again the voices of old companions and brothers under the bridge, among the motorcycles...the west wind, an ode from the Plains, something new, long prophesized, long a-coming."

Dean serves as a kind of spiritual father to Sal, and as long as Sal is on the road with him, he has a direction and a way to go. Sal is

impressed by Dean's intense vitality and desire to experience everything to the fullest, his ability to function constantly in a field of aggressive, masculine activity. As he explains, "Dean was tremendously excited about everything he saw, everything he talked about, every detail of every moment that passed. He was out of his mind with real belief." Sal, in contrast, is the melancholy prose poet and Beat existentialist for whom neither experience in the objective world of "our actual lives" nor contemplation of the inner world ("all of it inside endless and beginningless emptiness") can give substantial meaning to life. He confronts an existential despair before "our actual night, the hell of it, the senseless nightmare road."

Kerouac profoundly comprehends Thomas Wolfe's declaration that you can never go home again, and in the fatherless world of *On The Road*, a world without authoritative guidance, Sal, like a fearful child stands "uncertainly underneath immense skies." The vehicle in which he travels, constantly moving forward to the next point along the road, determines his angle of vision and it is from this viewpoint that he sees people always disappearing, leaving him, almost as if he were standing still and they deserting him.

"What is that feeling," Sal wonders, "when you're driving away from people and they recede on the plain till you see their specks disappearing?—it's the too-huge world vaulting us, and it's good-bye." But through his relationship with Dean, Sal's anxiety is suspended, and he moves on to discover an active direction and a road of real belief when Dean "took to the wheel and carried us clear to the top of the world."

Dean is a kind of bop humanist saint who "knows time," judges nothing and wants to experience everything as often as possible. A prophet, Dean set down the rhythms of the way we live today. An uncensored sexuality is at the center of his expansive self. He has a romantic courtship with Carlo Marx as Sal's language reveals in the following tableau of their meeting: "Two piercing eyes glanced into two piercing eyes—the holy con-man with the shining mind and the sorrowfully poetic con-man with the dark mind that is Carlo Marx." Their relationship is consummated as "their energies met head-on," and Sal is left on the outside, the lover spurned, feeling unworthy and rejected—"I was a lout compared, I couldn't keep up with them."

Travelling through Houston, Dean wants to get it on with a "motor-cycle kid...all bespangled and bedecked with glittering buttons, visor, slick black jacket, a Texas poet of the night, girl gripped on his back like a papoose, hair flying, onward—onward." He tells Sal: "Now wouldn't it be fine if we could all get together and have a real goof-bang together with everybody sweet and fine and agreeable, no hassles, no infant rise of protest or body woes misconceptualized or sumpin'?" Later in the journey, Sal, Dean and a girl named Marylou strip down naked in the front seat of the car—"a golden beauty sitting naked with two naked men"—and Sal explains that "Marylou took out cold cream and applied it to us for kicks."

Dean is the one who initiates these encounters, and his sexual openness appears to Sal as threatening as it is attractive. When approached by Dean about having a three-way with Marylou, Sal expresses apprehension but finally decides that "I had to prove that I'd go through with it"—to prove that he can measure up to the challenge set for him by the dominant Dean. The object of competition is the woman who has come between the two men—"Marylou lay there, with Dean and myself on each side of her, poised in the upjutting mattress-ends"—and in an important sense, the woman can be seen as that element which disrupts Sal's love for Dean, which prevents a full and final expression of masculine physical love.

Sal looks up to Dean as his sexual mentor, the great man who is in various ways bigger, stronger and more capable than he is. When he and Dean arrive at the house of Frankie and her children, he immediately notices that "the woman was a great man's woman and took to Dean right away." Dean's imposing stature consumes Sal's attention, and when he visits the apartment of one of Dean's girlfriends, Dean greets him at the door in the nude and Sal's gaze is captured by a drawing of the great man Dean, depicting his "enormous dangle and all." As Sal says: "I was amazed."

Although Sal desires to participate in the sexual world accessible to Dean, we frequently find him on the outside, the observer voyeuristically catching a glimpse of his desire, vicariously joining in the sexual sphere that lies just beyond his grasp. When Dean picks up a waitress for some fast sex, Sal sees through the window "changing in her hotel room...I could see her

from where I stood, in front of her mirror, primping and fixing her silk stockings." It is as if Sal were a child peering through to witness an inaccessible scene, and left behind by Dean and the woman, Sal admits: "I wished I could go along with them."

Cut off from what he desires, Sal suppresses his longing for Dean's erotic world by critically disapproving of Dean and the things he does. He views Dean's coming to Colorado as being "like the imminent arrival of Gargantua," and declares that "preparations had to be made to widen the gutters of Denver and foreshorten certain laws to fit his suffering bulk and bursting ecstasies." On Kerouac's road, Dean is the human protest of physical energy and desire, the impulse to spontaneity and freedom, the expression of an insistent sexuality. Whereas Dean, a sort of amazing fertility god—enormous dangle and all—expands his libido in the primary sexual field of genital energy ("for him sex was the one and only holy and important thing in life"), Sal's libido is sublimated and given vicarious expression through Dean. Sal follows Dean's "suffering bulk and bursting ecstasies," which, even as they excite, appear threatening by their very excess. Sal may show disapproval of the nihilistic upsurges of Dean's sexuality and desire, but despite his rational protests, his dark, uncontrollable bursting ecstasies constitute the central values which took the book off. Sal follows Dean, resisting him, but finding him irresistible.

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Carroll and Vera Cassidy 1952

He wasn't sure if the vague uneasiness that brought on the butterfly brigade in his stomach was the result of premature menopause, a conflict of biorhythms, or too much caffeine. He just knew he was experiencing an unusual case of the jitters. That anticipatory chug-a-lugging in the nether regions of his gut. A gee-I-wish-I-were-at-home-with-"Laverne-and-Shirley" premonition that shuddered to the very soles of his white-leather Frye boots.

Bar pickups were not Andy's forte. Especially when the pickupee was for a friend.

"And how do you expect me to find him, a total stranger, in an unfamiliar club?"

"You're not a total stranger. I know you."

"I don't know who the hell he is."

"I mentioned him once. I think I'm in love with him."

"And the Rams and Arnold Schwarzen-what's-his-name. I never even met the kid."

"First time for everything."

Chester's glib logic was annoyingly irrefutable and totally unconvincing. But Andy had given his word and subsequently found himself bopping down Santa Monica Boulevard and his errand of mercy for a sick friend.

'At least he'd better be sick,' he muttered to himself as he maneuvered his slightly aging, definitely decaying and sadly-in-need-of-a-paint-job van down boogie-woogie avenue.

"He's above average height, clean-shaven, splits his hair down the middle, plays a mean game of Captain Fantastic and answers to the name of C.T."

Or was it T.C.?

"I thought you only got off on moustaches?"

"Don't bother me. I'm sick to my stomach."

"I need a couple of bucks for gas."

"How does it feel to need?"

Chester had stuffed a couple of wadded-up bills into Andy's outstretched palm, slammed the bathroom door behind him and turned up the faucet almost loud enough to drown out the insufferable noise.

"Hey, dingbat, what color do you want?"

Andy snapped out of his self-pity, stomped down, viciously, on the clutch, and roller-derbied the van through the blatantly-green stoplight.

'Dingbat, my ass,' he spluttered. 'I ain't no Edith Bunker.'

Andy was, in fact and in appropriate slang, known as one hot-little-sucker. Six foot two, eyes of blue (green), goodlooking if in the mood, well-stacked, well-stuffed and well-leave it to your ribald imagination.

Tonight, however, he was *not* in the mood.

He parked the van after several minutes of sweaty frustration jockeying around the numerous blocks perimeter to the bar, casually ogling a couple of bouncy-blue-jeaned-bottoms and swearing at the others. He threw open the door, spun his bod off the seat like they do in the movies, got a leg of his pants caught on the emergency brake and landed flat on his ass in the painfully gravelled street. He couldn't help but look up.

'Oh, Christ, wouldn't you know it. A bloody full-moon.'

And full it was. An almost-burnt-orange, forboding sphere of decadence and confusion, streaked with light-blue-veined ambiguity. A beacon for the bored and melancholy. An invitation to the neurotic. A glittering bauble of bawdiness. A royal pain in the butt.

"You got I.D.?"

"Do raisins have pits?"

Andy was in an explicably foul mood.

T.C.

Fiction by Bob Finley

illustration by Jim Yousling

"You wanna show it to me or do you wanna be a stand-up comic... lying down?"

The doorman was no great shakes either.

Full moon.

The first thing Andy noticed upon entering the den of iniquity was the subtle music filtering from the jukebox, which was capable of inflicting damage on an eardrum in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Stand by Your Man, that incredibly popular nasal commitment to male chauvenism.

And Tell the World You Love Him, was exactly what the amplitude of the speakers was doing.

The second sensory perception was the unbelievably erotic aroma of a men's gymnasium after a doubleheader, combined with the acerbic odor of rotting limes.

Amyl and cherry-juice.

'Feet, don't fail me now,' Andy murmured to his lower extremities as he edged his body through the unnervingly friendly crowd. 'Good God, it's bargain basement time at Bloomingdales,' he added, somewhat intrigued in spite of his seminal claustrophobia.

"Beer," he screamed, his bones threatening to go on strike from the hustle-bustle of elbows, knees and anything else capable of jostling.

"Coors. Bud or Lite?"

"Sure."

When the bartender returned, Andy leaned halfway over the partition and grabbed him by the forearm. "You know a guy named C.T.?"

"You think this bar is seedy you should go down to the Creaky Wheel."

"C.T. Do you know who C.T. is?"

"J.D.? Sure. He's at the other side of the bar. Hey, J.D.? Your prince has arrived!"

"C as in Charlie, T as in Traumatic."

"J.D.?"

"Oh, fer crissakes."

"Somebody wanna get his attention? Not that way!"

Andy's neck was beginning to throb. "I said, C.T.!"

"J.D. Guy wants to meet ya!"

"Are you deaf beside being dumb? I said, C.T., not J.D. I don't wanna meet the stupid son-of-a-bitch!... Hi there."

Several tense and embarrassing eternities later, Andy was carefully treading his way towards the

(continued on page 68)



PEOPLE

DEAN TAIT

There is a fallacy about men with muscles — namely, that they are stupid, overgrown hunks of meat with no brains. If you want to dispel this fallacy once and forever, have a talk with Dean Tait. You've seen him on the covers and in the center sections of innumerable magazines. One thing you learn fast when encountering Dean Tait for the first time — this is no dummy.

Tait has achieved fame as one of the stars of the immensely successful, long-running musical *Let My People Come*. He was prominently featured in nearly every ad and promotion piece that was sent out on this show. In it he visually delighted audiences nightly for its entire New York run, then went on tour with the show, spreading joy across America and Europe. "*Let My People Come*" celebrated sexual liberation in all its various diversities — straight sex, gay sex, and bi-sex, and various combinations thereof.

Before appearing in this hit show, Tait had made one other off-Broadway appearance in New York. Circle in the Water contributed considerably to the long-delayed acceptance of homosexuality by polite society. Set in a military academy, it was a picture of sadism, torture, rape and humiliation. Not a very pretty picture, and not an accurate one of the bulk of the gay experience. But from it came experience and confidence before an audience for the young Tait.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio (like Paul Newman, another not-unnattractive man) Tait discovered as early as sixteen that his body was desirable

by a large number of people. It helped him earn money to attend college, where he majored in Physical Education. Even then, he knew that he was not destined to lead an ordinary, simple life in the backwaters of the midwest.

A realist from the word go, Tait realizes what his selling points are: his body, his sex and his magnetism. When you've got your head together you can deal with this sort of realization. Apparently, Tait has always had

his head together. He entered body-building contests and earned titles such as "Mr East Coast." He posed for photographers and made his assets pay off. Above all, it's the body that makes Tait a salable commodity. And he takes care of it.

Exercising and working out in a New York gym at least four hours every day, he keeps his body in perfect condition. "Whatever comes along, I want to be ready for it," he says. "My body is what I have to sell, and I'll

be sure it's always in prime condition." His diet is as important as the workouts. "What I put in my body has to mean something." (Is that another way of saying "You are what you eat"?)

What are Dean's plans for the future? He has proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that he can act. Would he be interested in a legitimate career in films, TV or on the stage? "Yes, as a matter of fact I have appeared in a television film, *Crawl Space*, on CBS. I would be interested in films or the stage. Mainly in films or TV because that's where the money is. All I need is the right vehicle."

In the meantime, Dean is producing a series of his photographs in response to a great demand. He has posed for some of the country's top photographers and, like Jack Wrangler, Peter Berlin and other top male models, he is marketing himself through direct mail. Dean is a young man with an unlimited potential and the business sense to see himself to the top in whatever he chooses. And he has earned the right to make his own choices.

— Ronn Mullen



Photo by John Michael Cox

WILLIAM LAWRENCE

For the past few years William Lawrence has suffered the depressions and elations which afflict all truly creative people as they search for the medium by which they can best express themselves. Now, just turned twenty-six, William has found the medium with which he is most happy, and it is a medium in which he is already having a fair amount of success.

William Lawrence is a portrait sculptor of distinct talent and imagination — his first exhibition is to be



Photo by Mike Giff

mounted in London in March April 1978. He has already completed commissions for portrait heads from a series of interesting people: veteran film director Brian Desmond Hurst, novelist Alec Waugh; playwright and novelist Colin Spencer; Billy Gaff, manager of rock superstar Rod Stewart; novelist Robin Maugham — who was so impressed that he used a photograph of his portrait head on the jacket of his latest novel. But William's subjects are not all well-known — he has completed several stunningly beautiful heads of Ceylonese villagers, and on a recent trip to Egypt spent much time making

sketches of Arab boys, which may well become sculptures in the not-too-distant future.

His interest in form and sculpture started when he was about six: "My mother used to bring home bricks and all kinds of materials and I used to play with them, cut them up and make a complete mess. I loved it — and I suppose that was the first time I actually became interested in touching things. And the man who lived next door to us, when I was a child, was a carpenter. I used to watch him for hours, and I suspect that this first really interested me in using my hands to express myself."

Currently, William is

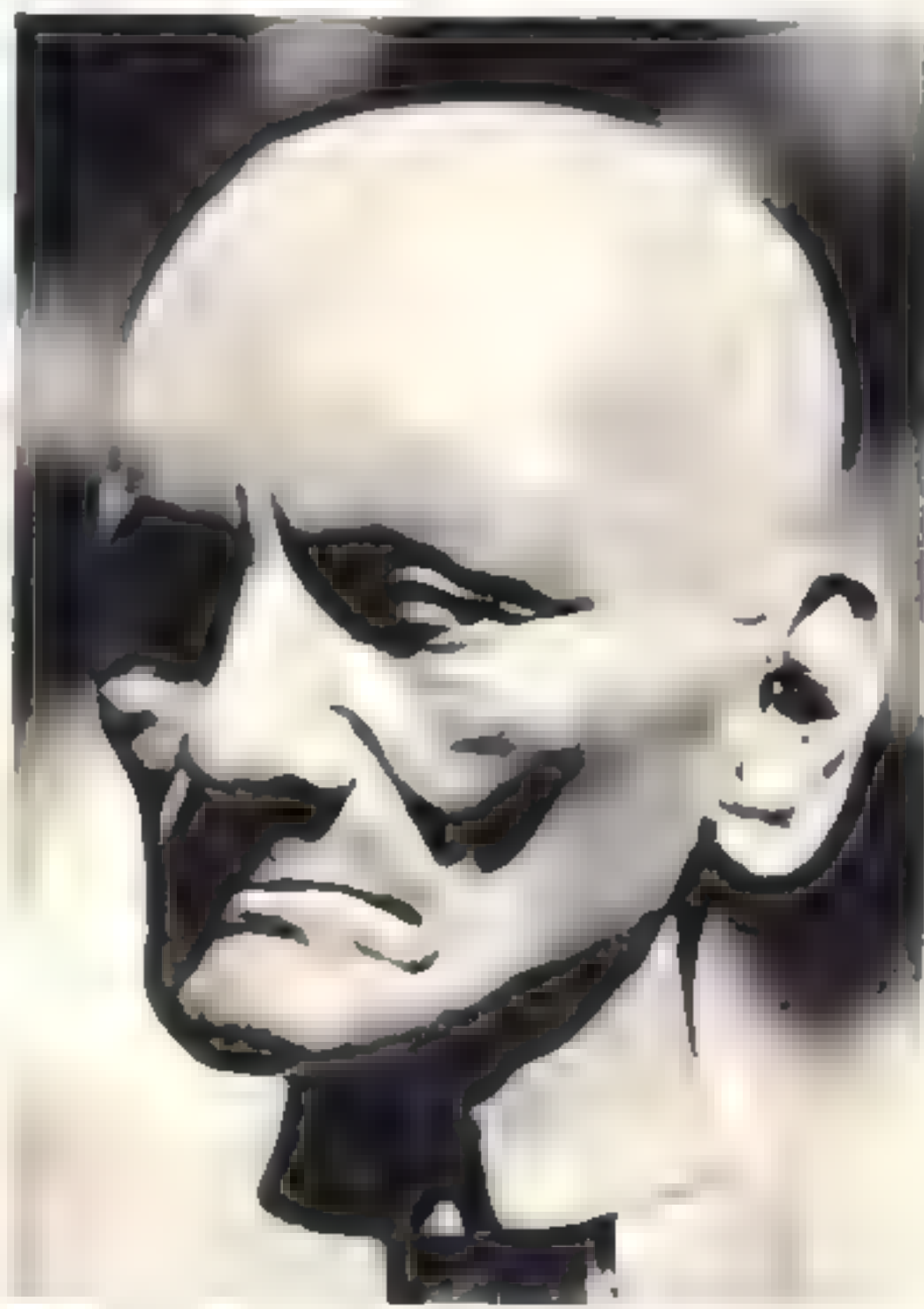
working hard for his exhibition: "The theme will be portraits. Busts and drawings of people I've sculpted. Drawings of people I may eventually sculpt. And my drawings are very much drawings for sculpture. I can't draw chocolate-box portraits simply to make the subject happy. I suppose most of my drawings have been of boys because I feel automatically that I can associate myself with the male form. This is obviously reflected in the kind of art I produce."

Both in his drawings and his sculptures, William uses uncompromising lines and angles, though — as his Ceylonese series show — he is easily able to produce movingly simple and direct

likenesses. He doesn't feel that he has been especially influenced by anyone, though he does admit to a great admiration for Michaelangelo and, to a lesser degree, for Rodin. "But I'm not trying to reconsider anything that's been done in the past," he explains.

"That's one of the reasons I didn't stay in art school. If I'm in a museum in Cairo or London or anywhere, I don't consciously try to analyse the style of the sculpture. I peruse . . . subconsciously store away information — what kind of information, I don't really know. It only expresses itself when I get an idea and start to work."

— Peter Burton



Old Man, Ceylon. Sculpture by William Lawrence



By Roger Asquith

HOROSCOPE

pisces

February 19 — March 20

There's a new love coming into your life this spring, the indications being that he's somebody of a different background than yours (of another race, perhaps) whose exotic appeal tempts you to drop long-standing habits of yours such as saving your money and putting up your usual conventional, conservative front. By no coincidence, this seductive stranger emerges just at the time you're seriously thinking of making a major career shift — cutting your current ties, moving, taking up a different line of work, adopting an exciting new lifestyle. But take it easy. Make it a short, sweet fling minus commitments.

aries

March 21 — April 19

With Uranus in Scorpio, your always aggressive sex drive is even more pronounced than usual. And with your own planet, Mars, making a series of jarring contacts through the zodiac, things can get awfully rough through the early spring. Tempers will flare. Valuable long-term relationships will be threatened. You'll have to apply all your famous persuasive powers to keep your friends and tricks in line during periods when it seems that you and they would be better off without each other. Ride out the storm. Take a trip if you can, remind them that, way down deep, they need your action.

taurus

April 20 — May 20

There's no place like home to a Taurine, and yours is going to look especially cozy and comfortable in this period. You were never really deep into the bars-and-baths scene, anyway; your aim is to get your chosen guy off the street (or out of the bar) and install him in your home. That shouldn't be hard to do. Lovers who offer comfort and tender loving care are in great demand this season, and yours is probably the most sincere invitation to be had. If you already have a lover, hold tight to him. The security you have right now will tide you — and him — through until summer.

gemini

May 21 — June 21

Gemini loves to stray. You never quit yet, and you won't quit now. There's a suggestion in the stars just now that somebody you meet in the course of your job will do you some financial good in the coming months. Because that means coming business with pleasure, you'll be sorely tempted to go along with the deal. And why not? It comes just at the time when you were getting ready to change lovers, anyway! And, to boot, you're going to make some money this year, from an unusual and unexpected source. It looks as if the job, the money, and sex all go together. If so, you can handle it.

cancer

June 22 — July 22

Cancerians treat love as an all-or-nothing issue, something you go into for keeps. That makes for a fantastic bed partner, but one who often scares off his tricks with the intensity of his feelings and efforts. You'll proceed as you always do during this period, but with an important difference: you'll find the other guy is digging it as much as you do. You are sensationally attractive to your lovers right now, as you are in an adventurous, daring mood in which you will accept (and encourage!) scenes which are new to you. Your sexual repertory is expanding this season, and so is your love life. Right on!

leo

July 23 — August 22

A permanent, life-long relationship is occupying your mind these days. Either you're into one, which is unlikely, given your proud, independent nature, or somebody is dangling a binding arrangement in front of you. Forget it. An exciting combination of the planets Venus and Uranus are operating throughout 1978 (astrologers call it "a double whammy") in your romantic sector. They'll get you some nice rolls in the hay, but nothing you can bank on. Curiously, this would-be lover will have been introduced to you by an ex-lover of yours. Avoid a replay by asking him why he dropped the other guy. It'll save you time and tears.

virgo

August 23 — September 22

Conditions at work — not necessarily bad, but uncertain and worrisome — are likely to preoccupy you so much right now that sex takes a back seat, even though some of your best tricks come to you through the office. You'll find your happiness during this period from out-of-the-way, anonymous sources. Sounds like you're going to be doing some cruising! Do it cautiously. Meanwhile, back at the job: Just hang in there. You'll keep it and probably expand it. But don't let the boss know what's going on at home. He may not be in a position to approve of what you're up to.

libra

September 23 — October 22

Your usual emotional serenity — or at least the appearance of it which you give the world — is jolied by the presence of an old, never-forgotten love, the one whose memory lingers forever. Alternately, he could appear in the form of a new guy. But he would be the same, and Libra would know it. The revitalized relationship will be passionate for as long as it lasts, but it's short-lived. Curiously, Libra will find himself with new friends who will tolerate his strange, sudden moods because he's such a nice guy at heart. If you or your lover is a Libra, live over it. Time heals.

scorpio

October 23 — November 21

You're in a strange position — for you, Sexually motivated as you are, being the king (or queen!) of the one-night stands, you're in the mood now for true love, a guy for keeps. You're deeply into the love and partnership thing. That may or may not last — Scorpio relationships are known to be tempestuous and brief — but, in the course of taking on a new man, you'll find that you've shucked off some old, tired entanglements. As far as the new guy is concerned, well... you said "for keeps," but that doesn't mean forever.

sagittarius

November 23 — December 21

You probably live the most interesting far-out life of anybody in the known universe. Things that may happen to others once in a lifetime happen to you regularly. For instance: Your lover, or business partner, or whatever, will come into some money this winter. You'll be invited to share in his good fortune. It's possible that you'll get into the rental property field, or into investments. But don't go overboard. How well you make out will depend on how well you do with your partner. Remember, it's all in his name. If you're on your own, fake it. You'll make out okay. Like always.

capricorn

December 22 — January 19

Capricorn loves a crisis. You can be counted on to create one even before anybody else knows the danger signals are up. You'll create two of them within the next two months. One crisis will be about your lover's infidelity — he may have overstayed himself in town one night — and the other will be about money. Leave it alone. Anybody can create a crisis, but good studs aren't easy to come by. Better concentrate on the future, when the hard lessons you have learned in life will finally begin to pay off.

aquarius

January 20 — February 19

With Jupiter going for you, first in Gemini and then in Cancer, it seems you can do no wrong in this period. There are going to be a lot of sudden, glamorous attractions which won't last, but how sweet they are! On the other hand, someone from your past is going to show up again. You'll get along well, but not like in the old days. Better to stick to the new days. Aquarius is a sign of the future. Its people are known for uninhibited, unorthodox approaches. One of them is a typically Aquarian greeting: "I like you, man."

FILM: A GAY ODYSSEY, PART II

(continued from page 29)

were a street-wise 20-year-old new in Los Angeles from Nebraska, and his partner, a hard-bitten Boston stud of 26 who had worked there in live fuck shows. They weren't asked to strip down, either; it was soon apparent they wouldn't be used in *El Paso*. "Selma Avenue," Sam Gage said when they had left. "People who do these pictures strictly for money never work out. The audience senses they're hustlers, and that doesn't suit the fantasy."

There followed a slim, professionally employed blond ("I don't need the money") who gave his age as 29 and his sexual preference as "anything at all." The Gages briefly considered him for a particular sequence in which a piss-drinker would come in handy. Did he object? "I can handle it," he said. But when he stripped to reveal an apparently silicone-swollen penis and a prominent letter "D" branded on his ass, he flunked out. The candidate projected an unwholesome even trucker image some porn producers might relish, but which the Gages reject. The blond's fantasies and theirs were totally incompatible.

Others were recruited for the cast from San Francisco, where Stan Braddock, the Ox, is a stage actor and "a recording artist, but you wouldn't recognize my real name. I haven't had a big hit yet," and Rob Carter, the roadside mechanic, is an admitted call boy who was a computer programmer until he opted for the easy life. Still others, including Steve King, came from the ranks of gay porn pros, known to the Gages and trusted for their ability to perform on command. King is a Los Angeles graphics artist who was seen prominently in *Hollywood Liberty* and *12 at Noon*. He loves porn work because, he says, "There are some things you just can't do in real life. So you go into this stuff."

There was no question about casting Richard Locke. He was the one holdover from *Kansas City*, and Joe Gage wrote Hank's part for him. Locke exudes a serenely masculine, compassionate, gently hedonistic attitude toward life and his screen work. His overriding interest in life is the construction—devising, actually—of homes utilizing ecological principles. One he built and sold in Palm Springs was featured, along with its creator, in Wakefield Poole's *Take One* because Poole admired Locke's devotion to solar energy. His current work-in-progress, a secluded haven

on the Russian River, will be maintained by both solar and wind power. Locke calls himself a "philogeant"—a friend of the earth—and aims at living as closely at one with nature as he can.

During filming of *El Paso*, Locke confided to an acquaintance that the Gages had voluntarily paid him his entire fee for the picture a month before shooting began. Such trust and open-handedness are rare in show business, as perhaps you could learn with Sam Gage, who says the studio was "not a very hard-core production. It was an attempt to work with the actor's sense of the Gages advanced Locke the money. "If you have to do something now, you have to do it," they told him. "We know how that goes." Recounting the incident, Locke marveled over it. "I might have died before the picture was made!"

Fred Halsted, however, was neither first nor second choice for the co-starring role of Gene. A self-employed remodeler and seller of old homes by profession, Halsted, who is 36, had long cultivated his avocation of producing and starring in heavily violent S&M films for the gay theater and mail-order markets. His brutal, uncaring sadist's image was, he claims, an extension of his own personality. That notion could well be Halsted's own favorite sex fantasy, because reality shows him to be soft-spoken, amiable, always thoughtful of his colleagues on the set. He is also said to be a painter of more than amateur talent.

The Gages wanted Gordon Grant, a truly hulking stud who has built up a following through his heroic physique and his lengthy, excruciating JO solos. Grant abandoned the role of Gene, reportedly because he had never done dialogue and was uneasy about handling it. The Gages' second choice was a popular, attractive San Francisco star. But then, when the picture's script was speeded up, Poole's *Hot* had been picking up tentative offers for legitimate film and TV work.

Halsted was brought into *El Paso* at the eleventh hour because he is known as a dependable pro, up to whatever he's given to do. How Halsted would stand at the gay box office was one of the questions facing *El Paso*'s backers as the film moved into nationwide circulation. The excesses of his *Sextool*, which involved actual blood-letting sequences, cut it yanked off the screen in Los Angeles and reportedly scared off distributors and theater owners everywhere.

Of his part in *El Paso*, Halsted

remarked, "I'm pulling back with this one. The sadist image is one I want to keep, but this isn't the year for it. This is the year to play it cool. Besides, this is the most elaborate movie ever made in this genre. I never took this many pains with my stuff."

The Gages were also keeping it cool through *El Paso*. Richard Locke said later of the film's opening scene, which marked Locke's and Halsted's first real-life meeting: "I'd heard of this guy Halsted, that he was some kind of maniac. And here he was, pointing a gun at me. I got a little nervous about it." Director Joe Gage intervened forcefully. "Gene wouldn't point a gun at his friend. It's negative. Point it over his head!" The amiable mood, which was exactly that of Joe Gage's script, prevailed throughout the production.

"The crossover movie" was an advertising tag devised for *Kansas City Trucking Co.* by Sam Gage in a phrase which perhaps reflected his own background as a rock-'n'-roll promoter. "Crossover," in music biz terminology, refers to the occasional metamorphosis by which a tune originally geared to, say, jazz, is successfully converted into a rhythm-and-blues format, and goes from there into the straight pop market. The phenomenon is equivalent, in another field of endeavor, to a grand-slam homer.

The Gages intended, from their start as a production team, to make a hard-core gay erotic feature good enough to attract a general, mixed audiences of closet voyeurs, thrill-seekers, the merely curious, and those to whom cinema appeals as an art form.

Kansas City, for all its assets, high among them the appealing, believable performance of young Steve Boyd as a nice kid being drawn toward gay sex, opened to mixed reaction at its San Francisco premiere. Some fans thought the absence of brutal sex was a turn-off, others rejected the ritual sameness of the homoerotic encounters. Then, early in 1977, the San Francisco Chronicle's influential columnist-around-town, John L. Wasserman, was persuaded to visit the tiny Nob Hill Cinema, which the Gages had rented for the run (they do their own distribution). Most of Wasserman's provocative review was devoted to assuring moviegoers that the Nob Hill is a respectable, clean theater they wouldn't be afraid to be seen in. He merely described the film itself as "about a group of truckers engaged in an unrelenting

(continued on page 71)



introducing

Hal Paul

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HY CHASE

Canada's contribution to IN TOUCH's model roster this issue is 33-year-old Hal Paul. A typical Scorpio, Hal has a life-long interest in the arts, with a special talent for interior design. Nature and Hal have worked closely together in producing and maintaining his exceptional physique. He works out constantly, and is devoted to sports. Canadian winters lend themselves to skiing, and in the summer, he's always either in or on the water. A passionate sun-worshiper, Hal likes to think of himself as a "natural man" in all respects—
and who are we to disagree?







World Reports

London

J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan* — this year with Ron Moody as Captain Hook Mr. Darling and Susannah York as Peter — has just moved from London onto an around-the-provinces tour; Tommy Steele still packs 'em in at the London Palladium in the revival of Hans Christian Andersen (a musical life of the well-known *swag* which, needless to say, makes no reference to his sexuality); the ice pageant *Humpty Dumpty* continues its run at the Empire Pool, Wembley; and former Monkees Micky Dolenz and Davy Jones are at the Mermaid in Puddle Dock in Harry Nilsson's *The Point* (first staged in 1976 with Royal Ballet dancer Wayne Sleep).

For those with a distinct touch of the Scrooge about them, there are more rewarding shows running in London. The hit of the season is undoubtedly Alan Bennett's new play, *The Old Country* (Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave.). A distinguished piece which examines the Soviet life of a Philby-like defector beautifully played by Alec Guinness, John Phillips and Heather Canning. "The Old Country" is possibly the best new play to have been staged in 1977.

As far as movies are concerned London lags a long way behind America. *Star Wars* had a Christmas opening to advance bookings which set all-time records; *Julia* was released early in the New Year — and *Close Encounters* is already an eagerly awaited legend (with no opening date slated yet).

As in the States, gay books are beginning to proliferate — one of the most eagerly awaited being Robin Maugham's *Conversations With Willie* (due here from W.H. Allen in April; in America from Simon & Schuster a little later in the year). The book contains a wealth of fascinating material about Robin's uncle Somerset, based upon the diaries the younger Maugham kept of his visits with his uncle. A

lot of the material is sensational and could upset Richard Maugham fans. But whatever the reactions, *Conversations With Willie* looks like being one of the talked-about books of the year.

On the recording front openly gay singer Tom Robinson, leader of the Tom Robinson Band, should be following up his song's chart success with his first album. Tom, composer of a British gay anthem called *Glad To Be Gay*, proved to be one of the major new recording talents to emerge in 1977. He should go on to even greater success in 1978.

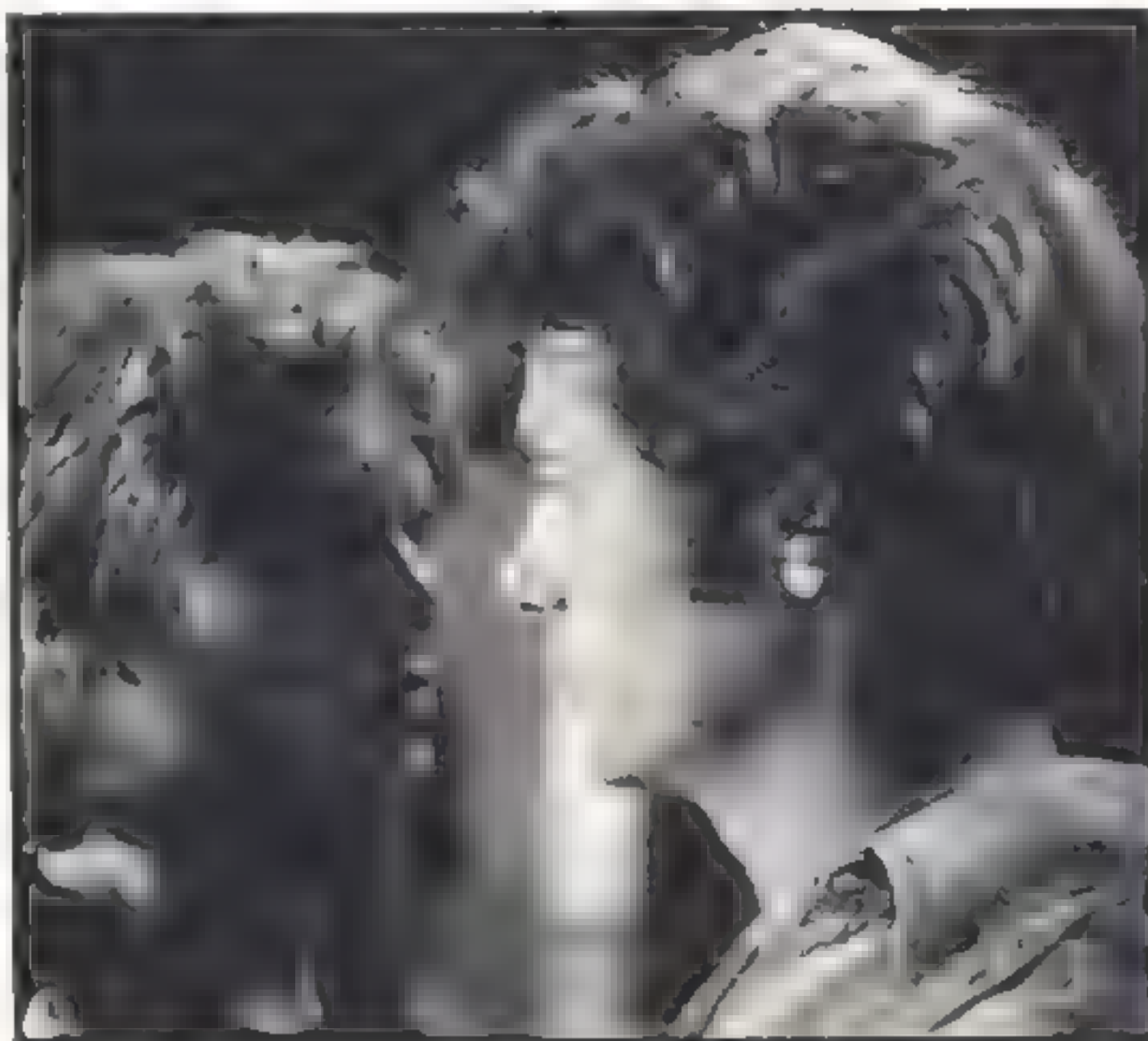
— Peter Burton

Berlin

Alexander Ziegler is a Swiss actor and writer, and editor-in-chief of one of Germany's leading gay magazines. Years ago he served a sentence in a Swiss

prison for seducing a 16-year-old boy. Later on he wrote a book (*The Consequence*) based vaguely upon his experience in prison and about his first love affair with the son of one of the warders. This has now been turned into a TV film, which was screened at peak time by Germany's national 1st Channel Programme, and has started to make the rounds of German cinemas.

It almost created a national uproar — not at all against the film and its subject, but because of the Bavarians' refusal to join the other German stations in transmitting *The Consequence*, claiming that it might cause further discrimination against homosexuals and taking objection against one or two scenes. So the Bavarians made themselves once again the laughing stock of the rest of Germany (as they have done already several times before, most recently when they decided to refuse to relay the national screening of Rosa von Praunheim's movie *Not*



Ernst-Hanno Wiedemann and Jürgen Prochnow in a scene from German TV's *The Consequence*.

Photo by Fotover — Kr. Wied.

the Homosexual is Perverse....)

But perhaps one shouldn't equate the Bavarians with some Anita Bryant types at the head of the Bavarian Broadcast Corporation, for, as the attendance at cinemas in Munich and Nuremberg shows, Bavarians are as interested and open-minded in facing and discussing homosexuality in today's society as are people in Berlin, Hamburg or Cologne.

Generally the film, which shows the gradual decline of 16-year-old Thomas Manzoni, when his love affair with the actor Martin Kurath, an inmate of his father's prison, is discovered and brutally punished, had a very positive reception by the German press — with just some slight objections against the clichéd presentation of the negative figures (for instance, Thomas' father).

For me it was just a sort of gay Love Story, as sentimental and melodramatic as that famous Segal bestseller, trying desperately to show the relationship between the two young men as the most commonplace and normal thing in the world — and that it is society itself which compels gays to assume a defensive, self-protective and, in the end, oppositional role.

Technically, the film, directed by Wolfgang Petersen, and in which Zeigler plays one of the minor characters, is very attractively shot and it couldn't have been better cast than with the fabulously virile and sexy Jurgen Prochnow (who swears that he has never had a gay contact) in the role of Martin Kurath and the strikingly handsome Ernst Hannawald as Thomas Manzoni. He is said to have undergone quite similar experiences in several Borstals and lives now in an Amsterdam commune. Especially Hannawald has genuine star potential, and I don't doubt that he would be turned into a star of international caliber if Visconti were still around.

— Michael Hiller

Sydney

Progressively, more and more Australian films are being made with homosexual characters and plots. The latest — and the best — is *High Rolling*, which isn't content with having one gay theme but two. The first theme concerns itself with the very strong 'bond' which exists between the two main characters, two ultra-macho

guys, Tex (Joseph Bottoms) and Alby (Grigor Iaylor).

As if that wasn't enough, producer Tim Burstall has added another gay thread to the plot — that of Arnold (John Clayton) a very butch gay guy who not only makes a pass at Alby (and is rejected — he's faithful to his 'mate') — but is a big-time dope dealer.

The storyline is simple: Tex and Alby work together in a carnival in North Queensland, decide to leave and head south for Brisbane, but en route (through some of the most beautiful scenery in Australia) meet Arnold and steal his car, which contains a large consignment of marijuana.



Joseph Bottoms stars in the Australian film *High Rolling*.

The rest of the film is divided between Alby and Tex coming to grips with their relationship ("We can't be gay, we're not effeminate.") and trying to escape from the pursuing Arnold. There is pathos as well as comedy and some very interesting scenery, but despite its strength, it ultimately fails to come to grips with strong emotional bonds between males.

Admittedly the American male

has his 'buddy' and the English his "China Plate," but such relationships are nothing like the Australian guy's "mate." A mate is more than friend and not quite lover—though, at times, one's mate comes before one's girl friend or wife. In simple terms, mateship is distinctly Australian and, as history shows, goes back to convict days, which were totally male.

High Rolling is a chronicle; a record of a journey undertaken by two young men. And, at the same time, it is a study of the close relationship (mateship) that exists between them that binds them together. Tex and Alby—one American, the other Australian—reflect a coming together of national cultures already well established in this "lucky" country.

In *High Rolling* there is no heavy polemic. It is rather an entertainment piece of high energy, strong drama and that ironic comic sense for which the newsy range of Australian films has become famous. Clearly, the Australian film industry has done it again and produced an excellent movie with international appeal.

Joseph Bottoms (IN TOUCH #21), who plays Tex, is one of the acting clan. His brothers, Timothy (IN TOUCH #29), Sam, and Ben are also involved in theater, movies and television.

Joe has been in films since high school but always wanted to act in films. His big break came when he was selected from over 140 other actors to star in the Gregory Peck production *The Dove*.

Deeply interested in modern jazz, Bottoms has appeared as actor-dancer in stage musicals in California — among them *Oliver*, *Bye Bye Birdie*, *Half a Sixpence*, *Carnival*, *Man of La Mancha* and *West Side Story*.

After *The Dove*, Bottoms returned to Los Angeles and has been working constantly in films and television movies, but he wanted to establish his identity as an actor in motion pictures and didn't want to be type-cast as playing the romantic lead or the "All-American Boy."

In August of 1976, Tim Burstall arrived in Los Angeles to cast the lead in *High Rolling* (a part written for an American). Although not on Tim's short list of possibilities at the time, Bottoms read the script and wanted the part. His agent rang Tim

(continued on page 71)

wanna stop somewhere and have a drink on the way to...uh.

"Chester."

"Yeah...on the way to Chester's."

("Is the Pope...?")

"What're you majoring in?"

Psych. We could stop at that bar on La Brea."

"What kind of psychology?"

Child psych. I think I've got a joint crumpled up in my wallet somewhere."

Child Psych. huh? Must be an interesting field."

"It has its advantages. Wanna hit?"

Two drinks and seven tokes later, what looked from the outside to be an innocently parked van was rocking and rolling like the Mad Hatter's Tea Party at Disneyland.

"We really shouldn't be doing this." His tongue making a shiny snail path around the kid's neck and down the left shoulder.

"I know." Head loling back and forth, hands furiously attacking belt buckles.

"It's in bad taste." Volcanic nipples pistoning in the tropic rains.

"I know." Throat constricting in euphoric anticipation.

"He's my best friend." The inner-tigh. That smooth, marble-sculpted

incense-m-n-smelling? climb up the roller coaster. Slippery dew-like

Unethical." Involuntary shuddering opening, accessible, whimpering like a babe halfway out of the womb. Gasping.

"We should be ashamed of ourselves." The backs of the thighs. Sweeter yet Cathedral-like. Ascending angelic...innocent...children laughing.

Fuck me.

"You asked for it."

"I'm getting it."

Forever.

"I think I should go back to the bar."

"Okay." The stoned intoxication saddened and mellowed by orgasm. The finality.

I think it'd be better than going to Chester's now." The damn act the deed indeed a little less damn.

Have it your way.

At Burger King.

He, silently, drove the van to the bar and pulled up at the front door. Motor running.

"Would you like to get together?"

The kid wanted to stare at the floor.

"Do you think it's a good idea?"

Andy countered.

"We could exchange phone numbers."

"Under the circumstances?"

"I'd like to. I want to."

"How's it feel to want?" Andy thought ruefully as he locked the door after him, didn't look back to see, and drove away from the curb and into the Tuesday night stream of self-consciousness.

"Shit...and I liked him...why is it always the way it is...can you beat it...the one kid I really liked?"

You can't always get what you want.

He tromped up the stairs leading to Chester's apartment like a warlock to the Inquisition.

"I'll just tell him I couldn't find him."

"Or the kid stood him up."

"No, I can't say that."

"I could always tell him the truth."

"Wrongo!"

"I'll just tell him I couldn't find him."

I feel like a creep."

The thud-thudding of his fist on the apartment door echoed throughout West Hollywood.

"Who is it?"

"Me."

"Go away."

"Wanna talk to ya?"

"In the morning."

"Now."

"Hold on a minute."

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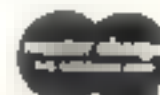


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The door finally opened. Andy
 entered the room sat on the bed
 and counted the knaps in the carpet.

"We got a problem," he tentatively
 began.

"You got a problem and I was
 you just it over with so I can throw
 you out of here and get back to
 what I was doing before you got
 here."

A short, well-built red head
 walked into the room. He was wearing a
 robe wrapped securely around him.

"Oh, This is C.T. The guy you
 was supposed to pick up. Remember?

"Who who."

"Don't stutter."

"You said he was tall."

"I ain't no midget."

"Now what you got to tell me
 that's so earth-shattering important
 you disturb a man's foreplay?"

"Boy, am I an asshole."

"I could've told you that."

"I think I'm in love."

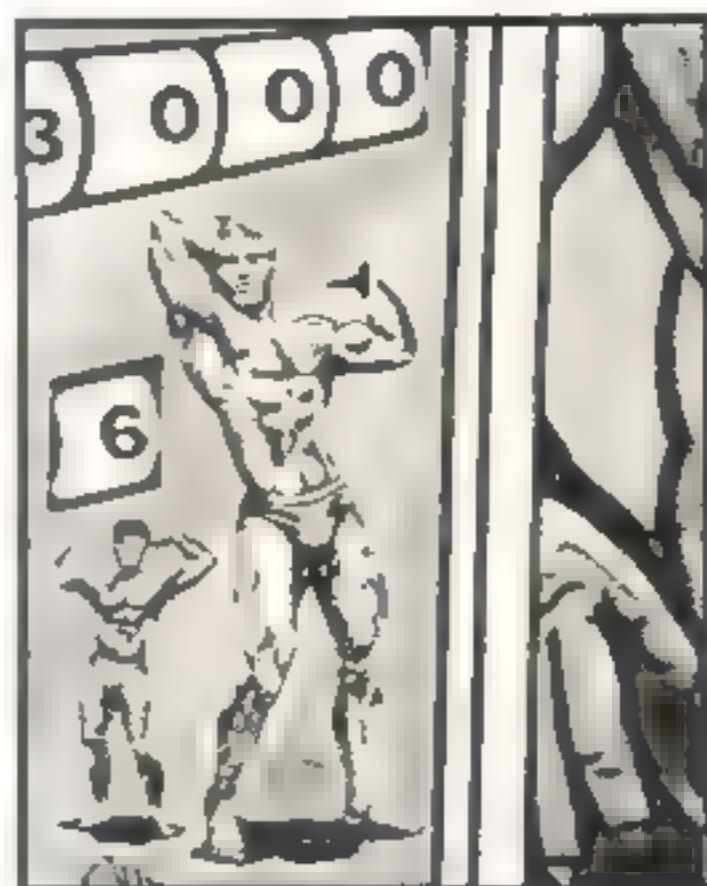
"Is that it?"

"Yeah."

"Don't let the door hit you in the
 ass on the way out."

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FILM: A GAY ODYSSEY

(continued from page 60)

75-minute frenzy of masturbation, fellatio, sodomy, and even unusual acts perpetrated against automobile windshields."

His readers got the point. Overnight, *Kansas City* developed a "straight" following which, like *Lopsy*, just grew and grew. It became a porn chic event. A return engagement last fall did even better. Probably through Sam Gage's shrewd publicity manipulation, business nationwide remained healthy after hard-core features have normally run their course. By late 1977, with *El Paso* ready to try its luck, *Kansas City* had grossed a conservative \$300,000, enough to pay off all its costs (\$200,000 reportedly went into saturation advertising) and to finance the making of *El Paso*. The big gamble with the new film was that it went into circulation under the blight of a partial id blackout in Los Angeles, New York, and possibly other major markets.

But the Gages and their backers were hanging in there on the "cross-over" idea. "Regardless of what happens to *El Paso*," Sam Gage recently told a friend, "our concept, our production, our marketing are all things I'm proud of. We went into the open market. That's where the money is; and I think we gave the customer his money's worth. In the beginning, we had to come up to previous standards in the gay movie field. Now the others will have to come up to ours."

Would the Gages be satisfied with a description of *El Paso Wrecking Corp.* as an escapist fantasy?

Sam Gage: "Not escapist as much as the converse of that. A person tends to escape by bottling himself in, keeping his walls up, staying within the framework of what he understands. Our characters move in the direction of experience — forward thrust."

Isn't the characters' constant movement along the road, their rejection of permanent ties, a demonstration of moral irresponsibility?

Joe Gage: "Not at all. The road is a metaphor for moving on, progress, discovery. It works. Everybody has a dream of getting in his car, going someplace, separating himself from the life he lives, discovering new things about himself and the world. It's the oldest metaphor in the world: Ulysses and the Golden Fleece. It works very well in the movie format."

©1978 by Donald Warman ■■

WORLD REPORTS

(continued from page 67)

and arranged a meeting. The rest as they say, is history.

Tex's side kick, Alby, is played by Grigor Taylor, who came to acting late after a career as a math and science teacher. His obvious talents and masculine good looks soon won him many stage and television parts and a large following.

Asked about the Tex-Alby relationship, as he saw it, Taylor says "Alby keeps going along because that's the best thing at the time and because he enjoys being with Tex so much. Alby is a drifter, but not an empty-headed and useless drifter. He's just having a good look around and he knows that for him to tie himself down to the one spot is more useless than drifting because it is necessary to create around oneself what is necessary to survive. He admires Tex for throwing aside all the conventions of when-you-don't-do-certain-things-and-when-you-do. I'm sure that he'll find himself later in life with just one person."

Tim Burstall, the producer, is the person about whom more has been written than any other Australian filmmaker in the last 20 years. He's the country's most prolific producer-director, the most successful, and certainly the most controversial creative person presently working in Australian film.

Forest Redlich, author of *High Rolling*, told me: "Both Tex and Alby are an extension of me commercialised. I've fought in tent shows and been in a situation where you're on the road with your mate and that special kind of relationship develops...and it's a very real relationship because he is your friend, your cobbler. For me, what has always stood out about *High Rolling* is the central relationship between Tex and Alby and the earthiness of the characters."

The average age of the production unit working on *High Rolling* was 24 years. The soundtrack to the film is music by Australia's highly-successful group, Sherbert, a fact which undoubtedly gives *High Rolling* an extra added dimension and character.

— Martin Smith



Syphilis is alive and living in Paris. But don't tell the French. They don't want to hear about it. If you say you have
(continued on page 78)

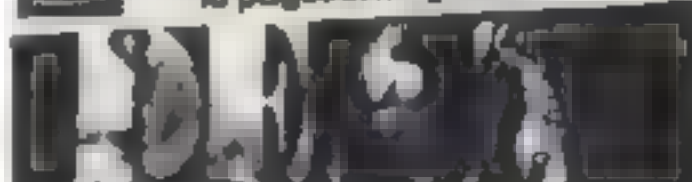
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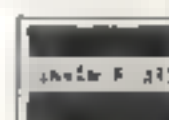
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The El Mocambo Club in Toronto is buzzing. The tables in the long narrow room are crammed, smoke hangs heavy. The posters on the walls show off Mocambo's illustrious history. It's a bit like the Bottom Line in New York or the Roxy in Los Angeles: a showcase for new talent and a home for those who've made it, to come back and play as headliners.

Cheap Trick is scheduled for tonight. They have two records out: Cheap Trick and In Color, both on Epic. And they seem to have developed quite a following in a very short time.

A guy is here from Texas. He came all the way up to hear them. "I've followed their career for years," he admits. "I just love them. They're so different. And funny." True. The three-guitars-plus-drums set up is unusual, and there just

PULSE

A new IN TOUCH feature looks at groups and individuals making news on the rock-and-disco scene.

by Dagmar

CHEAP TRICK

aren't too many hard rock bands around that are funny. Also: they're very good-looking.

The two obvious ones, of course, are Robin Zander and Tom Petersson. Robin's 22, the baby of the group and the last one to join them. With his dreamy eyes and silky-blond hair he looks angelic though definitely not innocent. He's the lead singer and plays guitar. And he's into very expensive clothes. Clothes that not only look smashing but feel good on his body.

Tom Petersson, who loves pointed shoes and silk shirts — open at the neck to reveal the dark sexy curls on his chest — was once thrown out of Disney and with his parents. He was just a little boy then, and his hair was too long for Disney's guardians of their sterile little world. Result: Tom now hates Disney and wears his hair long and gloriously

wild. Sometimes he's still a little boy, loves pranks and hates order. But when it comes down to music he gets down to business.

Bun E Carlos, "Bunny" for short is a native of Venezuela. He looks like a round version of Clark Kent — ill-fitting suits, the askew slightly clumsy, but lots of power and potential in those eyes behind the metal-rimmed round glasses. He always has a cigarette dangling from a corner of his mouth (very French), squinting with one eye as the smoke curls up into it. He probably smokes in his sleep. He owns all possible versions of Beatles songs, plus thousands of other records and collects old rock and roll films. And, surprise, he's the drummer.

Bunny gets bored easily, then quietly just switches off whatever is going on around him and goes away to some place inside his head.

photos by John Michael Cox

Rick Nielsen never gets bored. He's the creator, brains and mouth of the group, hides his attractive looks behind short hair, visor caps, and baggy old-fashioned sweaters (they're hard to find these days, he mutters) and pants that are definitely too short. He wears a genuine staple in his ear, true forerunner of Punk. "He did it himself," Tom recalls, getting dressed in the small backstage room at the Mocambo, "with a metal staple gun. God was there a lot of blood." He grimaces at the memory. Rick pretends to be very busy putting on his second sneaker. No big thing, just a staple in his ear.

Rick constantly writes new material for the group. It's all original and it just seems to pour out of him. "I have material ready for the next

(continued on page 96)

Few herbs have seen such a shift in reputation as sarsaparilla. American Indian medicine men once cured physical and sexual debility with it. In the 1800s sarsaparilla became a national craze when it was used as a spring tonic. Then, in 1939 scientists found the secret of its power. Sarsaparilla is one of the few natural sources of testosterone, the male hormone. A high testosterone level in the body promotes sexual potency. Sarsaparilla is only one of the reasons Wilmont Herbal Blend makes a man into a stud. Here are some more facts:

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(continued on page 79)

BOBBY'S FRIEND

(continued from page 44)

"A father?" I asked softly.

"Sort of, I guess. I don't think he really believed me when I told him but he loaned me his camera so I could take pictures.

"And did you?" I asked, thinking I might finally discover what the boy had really found.

"Uh-huh that afternoon." He got up. "They're not too good. It's dark in the cave. I'll be right back. You wait here."

He returned, giving me a handful of Polaroid photos. As I shuffled through them, my heart sank. They were black, except for a dark, completely blurred image that showed up in only a few of them. Then I got a look at the last one in the pile. Though the image was dim, it was unquestionably the photograph of the most handsome male I had ever seen. He stood in the water, his skin blue-white, just as Bobby had described it. It was so light, in fact, that it bounced the flash back into the camera to the point of over-exposure. The eyes and hair were, as the boy had said, an iridescent green, the smile indescribable.

"What's this?" I asked when I could finally speak, pointing to something around the man's neck.

"Oh, I forgot to mention that," Bobby said. "It's kind of a medalion he wears, a starfish made out of something reddish."

"Coral?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

"Do you mind if I keep this photo?" I asked.

"If you want," he said, obviously pleased that I'd asked. "I've it. I'm going to take some more this morning, anyway."

"You are?" My heart pounded. "You mean the creature's still around?"

Bobby winced. "He's not a creature. Animals are creatures. He's my friend. Yes, he's still in the cave. I spend most of every day with him. I'd sleep there, except Aunt Jean's already so mad she's going to send me away." His eyes clouded, and I was afraid he was going to cry, but he didn't. "I don't want to go away," he said. "I don't know what'll happen to my merman if she does that."

"Will you take me to see him?" I asked, afraid he would refuse.

Once again, the long pause while his lips pursed and his brow wrinkled in thought. Finally he said: "I guess so." Then he grinned. "I trust you."

Bobby put on a tattered sweater

and slung the camera over his shoulders. I followed him down to the beach. A huge rock loomed ahead of us. It had to be the Bounty. As we rounded it, the boy suddenly stopped as if he'd been shot. Then he screamed and fell to the sand, sobbing. I ran to him, putting my arms around his slim, shaking body.

"What is it?"

He pointed to the sand. "That," he said.

There on the beach was a trail made up of symmetrical, semicircular sweeps. It led straight from the underbrush to the water. I knew what it was without having to ask.

"Come on," I shouted, running toward the cliff to search for the cave. Bobby picked himself up and followed me. Finding the entrance, I ducked inside and saw everything as the boy described it, except that the pool was vacant. Kneeling down, I looked for any evidence that something had inhabited it recently. Bobby stood behind me, his sobs echoing from the low roof of the cavern.

"Look," I said, pointing to a small object near the pool's lip.

Bobby picked up the starfish-shaped medalion. He held it for a moment and then dropped it into my palm. Taking it, still warm from his touch, I examined it. It was coral, all right, carved more intricately than any I had even seen. I gave it back to Bobby.

"Maybe he'll be back," I whispered.

"I don't know whether he will be or not," Bobby said, his sobs

stopped but tears still running down his cheeks. "but I'll be here every day to find out, and if Aunt Jean tries to send me away, I'll run away down here to hide until he does come back."

That was the first and last time I ever saw Bobby Farber. I made a stab at writing the story, but when I turned it in to the owner of the paper, he went into a screaming rage and fired me on the spot. Even the photo did not convince him. As far as he was concerned, it was a none-too-clever trick shot.

I didn't know it before I handed in the article, but that was the morning they reported Bobby missing. My editor had just heard about it and was sure I was seeking to exploit a tragic situation.

I phoned Charlie, but got no answer. Later, I found out he was already with the rest of the volunteers, looking for Bobby. He had been reported missing by an official of the state mental hospital, who had come to take him to "that place" after Bobby's aunt had signed commitment papers.

Jumping into my car, I tore over to Conners Beach. Instead of stopping at the ramshackle cabin where the police cars were gathered, I ran down to the beach. As I rounded Bounty Rock, the cold wind biting at my face, I saw what I was looking for. There, near where I had seen the one before, was a trail of symmetrical, semicircular sweeps, heading straight into the ocean. Beside it were the footprints of a young boy. ●●



"That's an unusual last request . . . which one are you interested in?"

CARY GRANT

(continued from page 27)

Nell." Mae said. "If he can talk, I'll take him."

He could, and she did, for *She Done Him Wrong*, her film adaptation of *Diamond Lil*, during the making of which, Govoni relates, she "ruined the crease in Cary's trousers as she murmured, 'Hello there, warm, dark and handsome!'"

Mae's self-serving version of the story has Kaufman saving "he hasn't made a picture yet," completely disregarding the fact that he was already receiving star billing — it makes a better story of "discovery" that way. Interestingly enough, Talulah also takes credit for the great discovery. Les Israel, in "Miss Talulah Bankhead," recounts that, in 1967, Taloo came to Hollywood to play the Dragon Lady (a sort of bitch black widow) in a two-part *Batman* episode. Boarding the VIP cart from the L.A. Terminal to the plane for her return to New York, she was asked if she'd mind sharing it with someone.

"Who is it?" she asked wearily.

She was told Cary Grant.

"I should say not. I gave him his first job."

The inaccurate reference was to *The Devil and the Deep*, a 1932 film (Grant's fourth) also starring Charles Laughton and Cary Grant. The truth of the matter is, as Jim Bacon reveals, that Grant had only gotten his movie contract as a threat to Cooper, who was then Paramount's hottest star but had balked on a contract renewal and threatened to go off on safari to Africa. (By 1935, Grant was getting "galled" at being assigned Cooper's cast-offs, Govoni avers.)

Working with Mae West twice (they did *I'm No Angel* in 1933) was, according to Grant, as good as going to school: "I learned everything from her," he claims. "She knows so much. Her instinct is so true, her timing so perfect, her grasp of situation so right." (We have an interesting example of "our forgetful actors" here, for Grant is also on record as saying of director George Cukor: "I learned comedy timing from him," and, of Katie Hepburn: "She taught me everything I know about comedy—how to time my lines, the solemn way to say something comic....")

Cary Grant's first attempt at marriage occurred in London on Feb. 9, 1934. The bride was Virginia Cherrill, an English actress who had played the blind girl in Charles Chaplin's *City Lights*. The nervous groom promptly came down

with the "flu" on their ocean-crossing honeymoon cruise, steered her through endless miles of walking tours for the two days they spent in New York, then deposited her in his Hollywood home. She left him within half a year because of "inability to adjust" to "our differences."

Cary and Randy got together again in the beachfront house in Santa Monica. Noel Coward was one of the many free spirits to visit with them there, recalling in "Future Indefinite" how: "Cary Grant met me at the airport and drove me to his small house by the sea in Santa Monica.... He and Randolph Scott shared the house, and we lay in the sun, swam in the redundant pool with the Pacific pounding away a few yards from us, relaxed and gossipped." Mae West, holding court on North Rossmore at the time, remembers: "Cary Grant brought over his dear pal Noel Coward... an actor off and on the stage... the witty, gay charmer."

One of Grant's most curious films, *Sylvia Scarlett*, was made during this period (1936). He played Jimmy Monkley, a larcenous cockney adventurer, and co-star Katie Hepburn spent most of the footage in drag, disguised as a boy. Under fey George Cukor's direction, the result was not successful, for, as Grant now admits, "the whole joke was far too private," referring to such lines as: "There's something very queer going on here."

His disenchantment with Paramount had begun in 1935, when the studio refused to loan him out to MGM for *Mutiny on the Bounty* (for the role Franchot Tone then played), and in 1937 he took the big step of becoming a free agent. "I was the very first freelance actor in Hollywood," he claims. "It didn't turn out badly, either. I pushed my money up to \$300,000 a picture in no time."

This move enabled him to do *Topper* (1937) for MGM, and, that same banner year, *The Awful Truth* for Columbia, followed in 1938 with *Bringing Up Baby* (RKO), *Holiday* (Columbia), and, the next year, *Gunga Din* (RKO) — all both critical and boxoffice successes. 1940 was marked with such blockbusters as *His Girl Friday* (Columbia), *My Favorite Wife* (RKO), and *The Philadelphia Story* (MGM). Grant was at the top of the heap, according to Frank Capra ("Hollywood's greatest farceur... also one of its greatest box office lures.")

In 1941 he did his first Hitchcock film (*Suspicion*), and, on July 1,

1942, legally changed his name and became an American citizen. Exactly one week later he married Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton, who was vying with Doris Duke for the title of "world's richest woman." Whatever his reasons for essaying matrimony again might have been, fortune-hunting was not one of them: Grant already had amassed a personal fortune "in excess of \$3 million, and was earning not less than \$500,000 a year."

Cary and Babs made their first home at 1038 Ocean Front in Santa Monica, "not far," Govoni says, "from the bachelor diggings he had shared with Randolph Scott. This was more than Babs was about to bear, so Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s house in Pacific Palisades was rented for them." The menage included the bride's attractive young son, Lance, and Cary and Lance have been "fast friends" ever since.

Babs, however, "could not accustom herself to Cary's other friends," many of them "rashly uninhibited extroverts" whose "lifestyles" made her "acutely uncomfortable." Her reaction to his habit of wearing women's nylon panties (cf. Joe Hyams) is unrecorded, but the fact that they were divorced after three years of "differences" is, Grant says simply that "our interests were not the same," but Babs complained "I hardly ever saw him. At night, he was always busy with his clippings or the radio." Her singular conclusion, nevertheless, was that he was "very sweet."

Rosalind Russell and husband Freddie Brisson (who had been a frequent guest of Cary's and Randy's during his bachelor days) tried to bring Barbara and Cary back together during one of their frequent periods of separation. In "Life is a Banquet" Roz wrote:

They wound up sleeping in Freddie's room at our house. Next morning Freddie saw Barbara alone in bed. Then he went into the bathroom, and there was Cary asleep on the floor."

Batching it up again, Grant had no "romances" for another two and a half years. "Almost without exception," Govoni learned, "the girls whose names Grant found linked to his in print were total strangers to him." Meanwhile, he made *Destination Tokyo* (1943), *Arsenic and Old Lace* (1944), *None But the Lonely Heart* (1944), *Night and Day* (1946), *Notorious* (1946) and *The Bachelor and The Bobby-Soxer* (1947).

Wife number three, husky-voiced actress Betsy Drake, was met in

1947, on the Queen Mary from London to New York. They were married on Christmas Day, 1949. The following day being Monday, both went back to work on separate pictures. At the time, one of Betsy's intimates said, "Betsy is smart enough to know that marriage to Cary must be on his own terms. So her manifold hobbies, even her writing, could be a substitute for the husband she does not really have. The two are apart so much that there's hardly what you'd call a real partnership." Nine years later, Betsy gave up, hobbies and all, in an updated echo of Babs' experiences, she said "he preferred watching TV," arguing that "he fell asleep after dinner" and seemed to consider their marriage "merely a walk-on part."

Cary Grant was now a childless 55 years old.

Having completed *I Was a Male War Bride* in uniform drag (1949), his oeuvre during the 1950's included *Room for One More* (1952), *Dream Wife* (1953), *To Catch a Thief* (1955), *Indiscreet* (1958), *North by Northwest* (1959), and *Operation Petticoat* (1959). After *That Touch of Mink* (1962), he was to make only three more films — 1964's *Charade* and *Father Goose*, and *Walk, Don't Run* (his 72nd picture) in 1966 — and one more unsuccessful marriage.

First, however, with Betsy's encouragement, he had gone into a revolutionary psychiatric experiment involving LSD, administered by a

I know I hurt every woman... hiding behind all kinds of defenses, hypocrasies, and vanities." Good buddy David Niven writes that "he was a totally new man, cleansed and purged of all inhibitions, with a subconscious which could no longer cause him any problems."

Or so he thought, at least, when he married Dyan Cannon on July 22, 1965. Although Grant's only child, Jennifer, resulted from this union — when he was 62, and Dyan 28 — the marriage lasted only a year and a half. Dyan testified that he was "an apostle of LSD" who went into "yelling and screaming fits" and frequently beat her. The child custody problem was an excessively messy one, but Dyan won out — after all, she was the mother.

Assessing the Cary Grant on-screen mystique is a favorite Hollywood pastime. Roz Russell believed that: "People like Gable, Wayne, they're personalities, and a personality is an asset, you don't destroy it or mess with it. Grant was different; he wasn't just a personality, he could immediately go off into a spin and become any character that was called for."

On the other hand, Lilli Palmer, in her "Change Lobsters and Dance," takes a diametrically opposed point of view: "There are two different types (of movie actors)... one is the superb, highly-trained actor... The other is the nonactor, the personality, such as Cary Grant. The personality actor doesn't work out anything. He knows his lines, and that's it; for everything else he relies on personal magnetism and improvisation. This type has no nerves...."

Finally, David Niven ("Bring on the Empty Horses") finds that "it is very easy to write about Cary Grant's pedigree as an actor, to enthuse over the way he comported himself as a great star, and to be amazed at the extraordinary composure he displayed on the screen — but it is another thing altogether to try to describe Cary, the private individual, because he was a will-o-the-wisp."

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Perhaps Cary Grant himself should have the last word. Remembering that he had always been marvelous with girls he didn't marry, because they were "undemanding" and left him "intact, to stay within the pattern," he reflects that: "To gain a measure of love is our motive in doing anything. All actors long to be loved. That's why we become actors."

But he says nothing about loving in return. ●●



Dr. Mortimer Hartman. "It was horrendous," Grant shudders. "I had to face things about myself which I never admitted, which I didn't even know were there. Now

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WORLD REPORTS

(continued from page 71)

gonorrhea (which the French affectionately call "hot piss") or, heaven forbid, syphilis, the French are shocked, don't want to talk about it, and move toward the nearest exit at a speed to be marvelled at. And if you should have the bad taste to mention it, some become absolutely paranoid, as if you had attacked God, country and the Pope all in one breath.

The French would never suspect that venereal disease was one of their own; that is, a disease like any other to be combated with the same fervour as influenza or hepatitis. Some French (and Anita Bryant, I'm told) think only homosexuals carry it; and even refer to homosexuality as "la maladie anglaise"—in fashion. I imagine, after the Oscar Wilde trials some 75 years ago. That it should touch the French is simply incomprehensible.

But alas, it does rear its ugly head; and willingly or not, doctors are faced with dealing with it; and in some cases, I've heard, curing it. If you contract VD in Paris, you have two choices. Either you can go to a clinic where they go out of their way to make you feel as if

you were some kind of monster, or you can go to a private doctor. Neither, unfortunately, is a happy experience. I'm afraid. My doctor, for instance, spends the first twenty minutes of his consultation telling you how horrible life, the world, and by inference, you, are (for being ill is in the first place). After he's got that over with, he's ready to inquire into the reason why you're taking up his time. Finally when the whole truth hits him like a ton of bricks—his face, at this point becomes visibly ashen—and he repeats his song and dance about this wicked, wicked world in which we live. By this time, you're almost in perfect agreement with him—such is his persuasiveness—and he hasn't even examined your cock yet.

After his examination has proved what he didn't want to prove in the first place, he takes on the mien of an undertaker—face drawn, eyes lowered—and he tells you in a very low whisper that he's a "good guy" and is not about to report you to the authorities (a law in France). Which frankly doesn't make me feel any better. I don't care if he shouts it from the goddamn rooftops, scribbles it on my forehead or sends a telegram to Jimmy Carter. I only want the needle and I want it quick.

But quick is not a word in the French vocabulary — a sad fact you'll come to know if you've lived in France as long as I have. What he's really saying, and there's no mistaking this, is how dare you come to me with your mutilated prick; and the only reason he's not reporting you to the authorities (as if I'd give a good fuck) is that he's too embarrassed to put the accursed word in a report; and all he wants is you removed from his sight post-haste.

Did I say "quick" was not in the French vocabulary? Well, just wait. First the good doctor writes out a prescription for penicillin and then makes an appointment at a nearby laboratory for a blood test. So you go to the laboratory where some butcher nearly takes off your arm; and then you go to a pharmacy where you pick up the penicillin. Now, you must find a registered nurse (not an easy trick) who will give you the penicillin shots. It is beneath the good doctor to give you a prick (no pun intended) in the ass — he's far happier telling you how miserable the world is (and it is).

In France, one or two shots will not suffice. You'll get anywhere between eight and twelve (depending

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on the doctor). This, I'm sure, is to punish you so that you'll never ever want to think about sex again or maybe the good doctor thinks you won't be able to survive such an onslaught of needles, and he won't have to see you ever again.

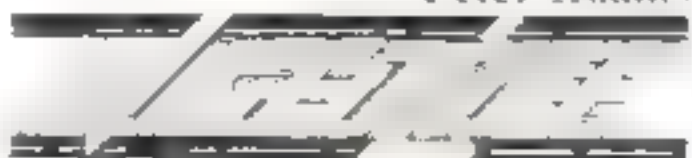
Although I've heard friends bandy the expression "hot piss" about, I've never really heard anyone mention, let alone discuss, the word "syphilis" or the general subject of venereal disease. Talk about being uptight! So imagine my surprise when a few months ago, a French friend called to tell me he had contracted syphilis and that he thought it a good idea if I had a blood test. This I considered a real breakthrough and I thought: "there's a young man with his head on straight."

Unfortunately, he's a member of a dying minority. There are far too many homosexuals who either have or think they have VD who insist on going out and shacking up, with no thought to the unhappy victim. Others then pop right out again into the arms of an unsuspecting trick. These people are both insensitive and inconsiderate; and something should be done about them short of putting them into prison. But what?

There's a pamphlet out in San

Francisco called: "Not Even Best Friend Will Tell You About VD". Well, why the hell not? There is no excuse for not having a frank discussion about something that concerns us all. And there is no excuse for homosexuals to be frequenting the bars when they should be home nursing their capricious cocks or their pernicious penises.

— Peter Adams



(continued from page 74)

Watergate fame showed more than 40 of his paintings. Perry Lee Amazon is director of the gallery and one of the nicest guys in the art field. Any visit to Palm Beach isn't complete without a stop at his gallery.

— John Saunders

PHILADELPHIA

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(continued on page 86)

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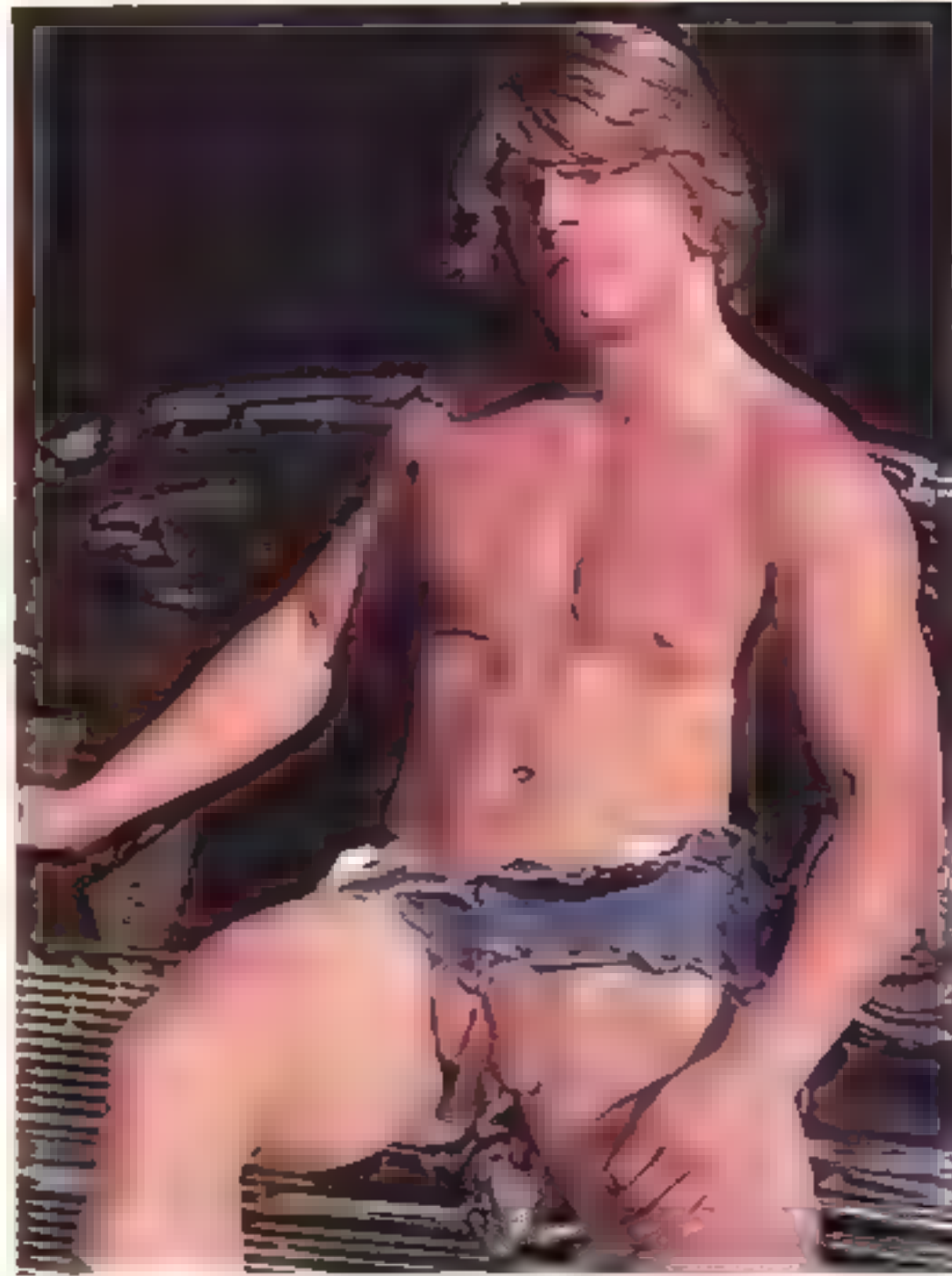
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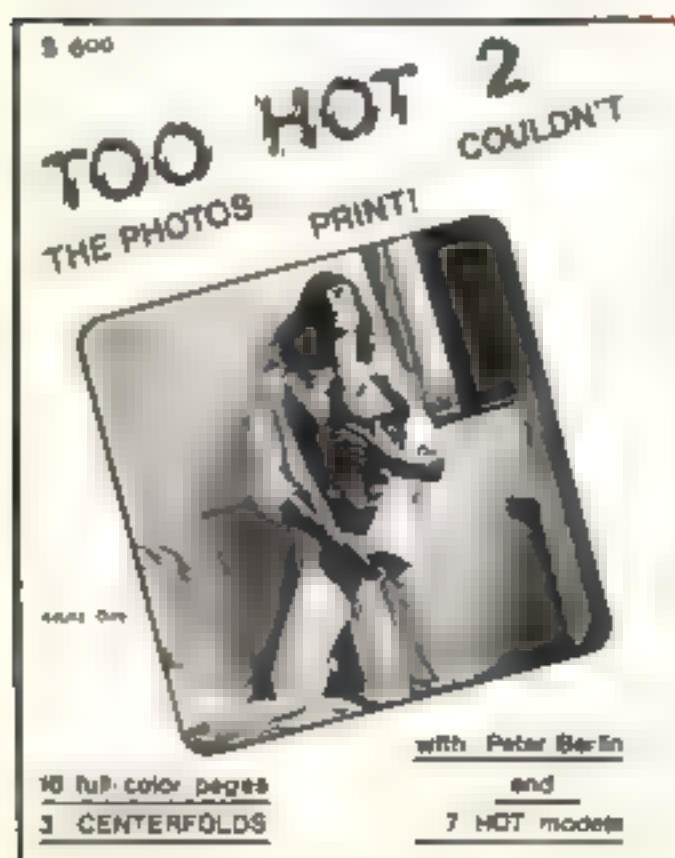


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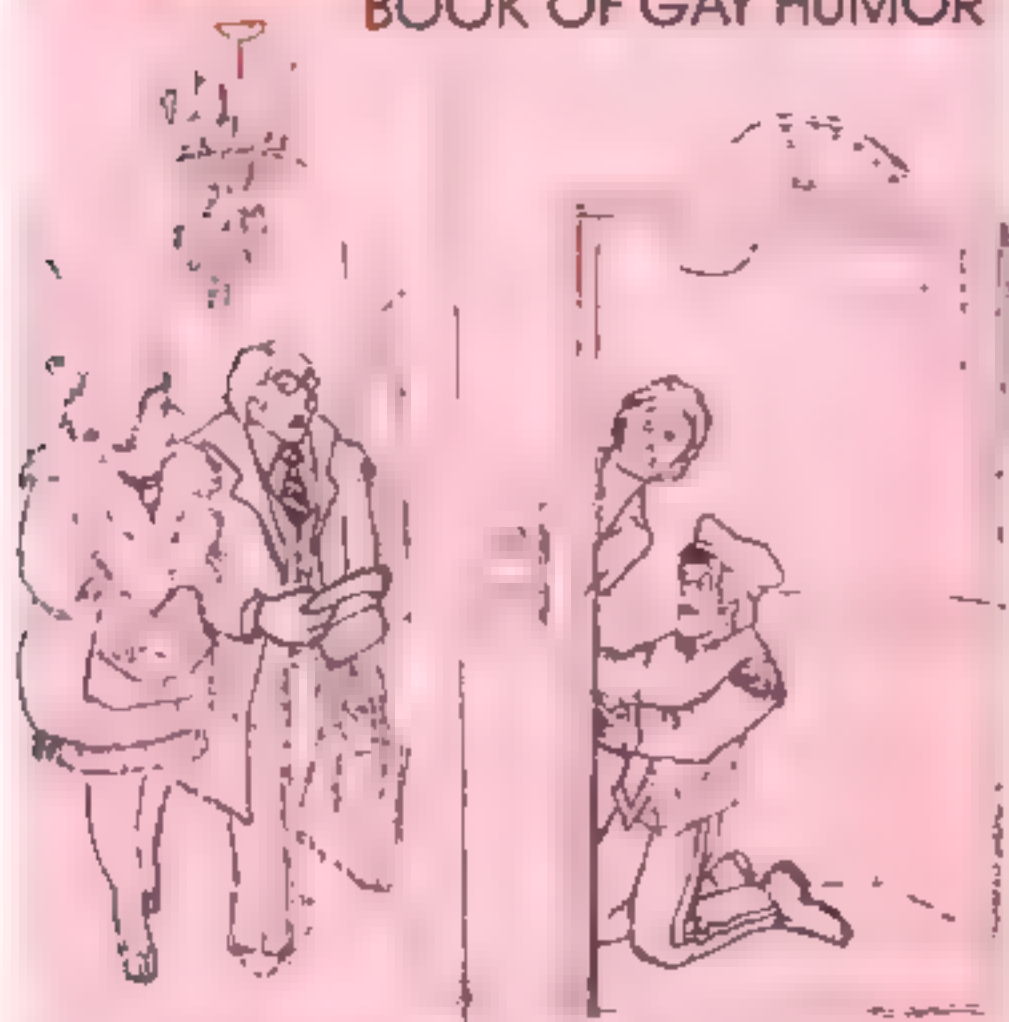
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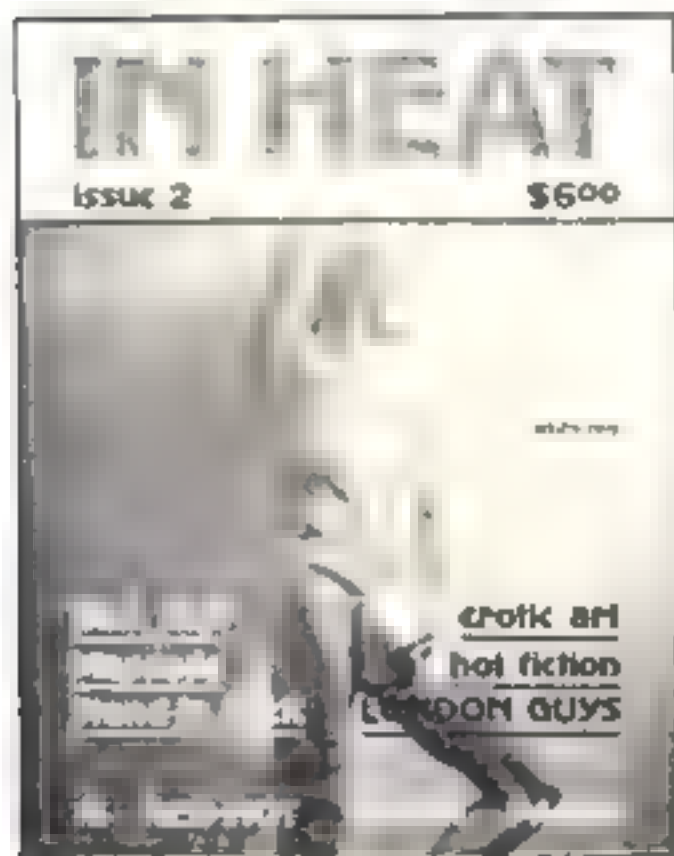
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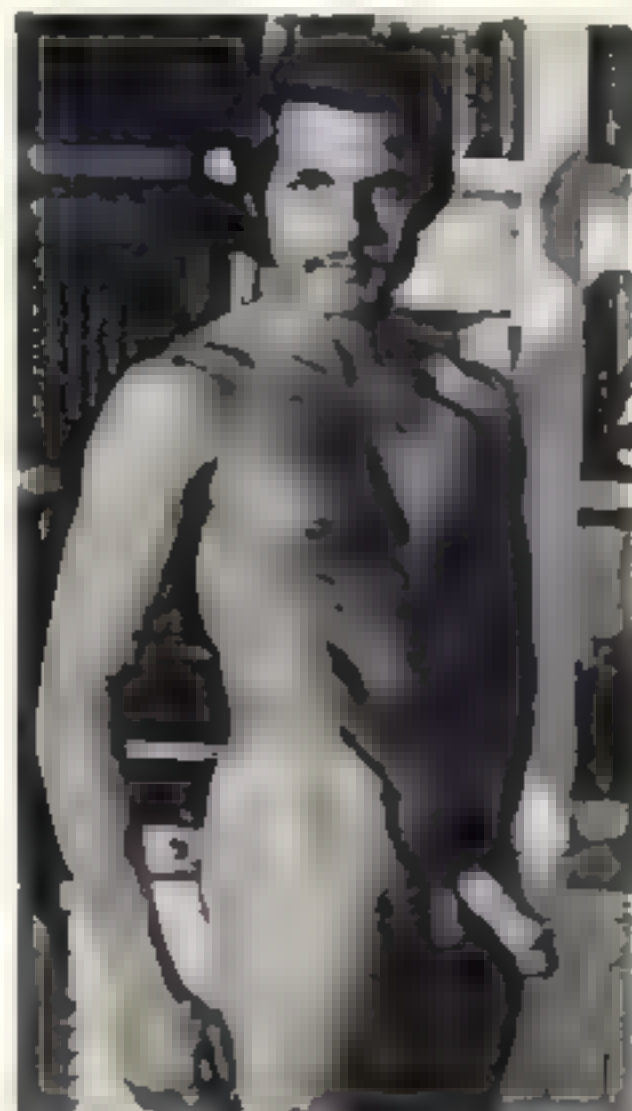
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KEROUAC

(continued from page 53)

Caught in the magnetic field between attraction and repulsion, Sal experiences an ambivalence about Dean that is forcefully expressed in his dream of the Shrouded Traveler ("a strange Arabian figure that was pursuing me across the desert; that I tried to avoid, that finally overtook me just before I reached the Protective City"). Although the shrouded figure in Sal's dream threatens destruction, the dream becomes an erotic wish-fulfillment in which the dark stranger overtakes the self.

The Shrouded Traveler, an image of Dean and personification of death (Dean's name contains the word *Mortuary*), comes as the supreme rapist and seducer, overtaking the dreamer in the "death" of sexual climax. Sal longs to be consumed by the dark stranger of his dream-vision, yet he fears this figure of his own desire and claims a need for a structure of protection, the defense of a walled City, against these threatening imperatives. Overall, the dream may be understood as a wish-fulfillment expressing Sal's desire for a reunion of his self and its masculine completion—that second death, which "across the desert of life," is our nearest "remembrance of some lost bliss." Dean allows a union of his divided self which can take place only in sleep.

Kerouac suggests that Sal has gone on the road not for knowledge of the world, but for knowledge of Dean, finally for knowledge of himself and his own desires. What gives *On The Road* its direction and propels its movement is not Sal as narrator, but Dean that other-self after which Sal strives. Dean does impress the reader as a romantic symbol, for all his mad experience, he is a surprisingly steady figure, a turbine furiously spinning out energy, going no place; but like all engines, his energy produces motion elsewhere—in Sal. In every sense Dean is the mover, and Kerouac's attempt to capture a vision of Dean in the course of the narrative becomes the attempt to make whole the self of narrator, Sal Paradise. It is in this perspective that the symbolic couple Sal and Dean may be seen as the dual elements of the author's own divided self, as externalizations of his contrary, warring vision of life.

On The Road sees life with a double vision. The division exists within Sal who describes himself as being "at the dividing line between the East of my youth and the West of my future." Taken as a coun-

Sal and Dean themselves reveal a radical disjunction: Sal longs to find "home" along the road, to get somewhere and not just keep going, and he laments that "home I'll never be." Dean, on the other hand, continually surges ahead, "performing our one and noble function of the time move."

Division appears in the historical world outside the self as well, and one finds in *On The Road* the pervasive if implicit sense that "it's the end of the first half of the century—a time which seemed to divide an America rooted in traditional moral structures, and an America of the future racing to an unknowable destiny in the half-century ahead. Kerouac sees life from this watershed of the century, and balanced on the ridge of the present, he forces his account of life on the road from a double perspective, turning his vision both to an accomplished past and an uncertain future.

Sal's double vision of life may be called the "real" and the "mythic" and is precisely articulated when he observes: "It was a rainy night. It was the myth of the rainy night." Sal tends to view reality in the frame of romance rather than social fact, seeing the world through the lens of his own desire. He believes that adventurers are supposed to find adventure, so it's not surprising that experience for him becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. He wills the world into existence according to the dictates of his romantic vision and can transform whatever he encounters (whether it be working with migrant fieldhands in Southern California, lounging with hoboes in the grass, or a journey to Mexico) into a romantic experience by means of a imaginative leap across reality. The leap back is just as easy. In playing out the role of adventurer on the road, Sal pretends to participate in the world of immediate experience, but frequently hides behind the skirts of various romantic postures which gives only a safe semblance of involvement.

Sal invests reality with the content of his personal romance with life, seeing in the ordinary an extraordinary significance. He finds in people, as well as places and things, an overarching mythic dimension. He sees all the "handsome queer boys who had come to Hollywood to be cowboys," and to him, "all the cops in LA looked like handsome gals." He transforms a Nebraska farmer eating in a cafe into "the spirit of the West sitting right next to me." He treads the "storied, eager

Denver streets" and travels "along the storied Sacramento river." Arriving on the West Coast, he discovers "the fabled city of San Francisco," which had appeared to him earlier as "the ghost of the San Francisco of Jack London."

The names of specific places take on the non-specific proportions of a mythic poem: "All the magic names of the valley unrolled — Manteca, Madera, all the rest." Even the names of things call into existence a vision of a mythic America of expansiveness and strength, Sal explains. "I love boxcars and I love to read the names on them like Missouri Pacific, Great Northern, Rock Island Line. The grandeur of Sal's mythic vision, however, engenders in him a longing for that which seems unobtainable and he feels the elusiveness of his desire. What finally balances and focuses Sal's vision is his humor, his ability to laugh at his own program and see himself ironically as one "adventuring in the crazy American night."

Finally, in searching for the center of Kerouac's *Road*, one discovers the aesthetic of 1957, a music which expresses the establishment of relationships and a healing of divisions. Both *On The Road* and jazz articulate the quest-romance of the individual, proposing that life's definition and direction evolve out of individual improvisation within a field of activity and possibility. Even as the jazzman expresses his own rhythms, it becomes his responsibility to sound out "what's on everybody's mind." He becomes the spokesman of the group, revealing the relationships between seemingly unrelated parts, "filling the empty space with the substance of our lives." In tune with this life-substance and motivated by the need and desire for release, both Kerouac and the jazzman have to blow "across bridges and come back and do it with such infinite feeling soul-expression for the sake of the moment that everybody knows it's not the time that counts but *IT*." This *IT*, this life-substance, is an ongoing process of infinite feeling, and every man has to discover it for himself in his own way.

On Kerouac's road, life is a process, not a product. Both Kerouac and the jazzman are prophets of this process, this present, as they strive to blow free and reveal the tune of the moment. As Dean would say, "now is the time." On the road, we learn along with Sal that "the road is life," and life is, above all, movement and activity. Sal explains that he "told Dean that the thing

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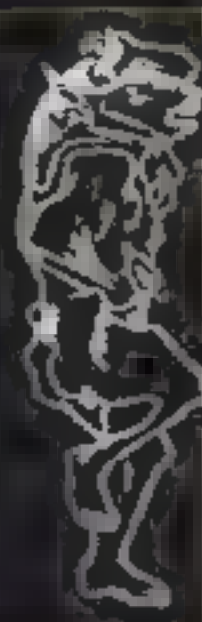
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that bound us all together in this world was invisible, and to prove it pointed to long lines of telephone poles that curved off out of sight...." What binds us all together as men living in relationship is not a structure of ideas, not a single political philosophy, but something less fixed and more fundamental.

No one can hope to discover the center of *On The Road* by merely analyzing its structure, for its substance truly exists somewhere between the experiences it records, the ideas it presents, finally somewhere between the words themselves. Like the jazzman, Kerouac provides an outline of ideas, a central motif in which the variations of his improvisation can be explored, and we become a substantial part of this confessional improvisation, in some sense completing the story by our participation in its development. Kerouac does not create something out of nothing, but rather releases what we already possess, that essential improvisation of bursting ecstasies at the bottom of all human nature. In Kerouac's world, every man is the maker of his own life, and Dean emerges for us as he did for Sal, as the great man and mover, our guide on the road.

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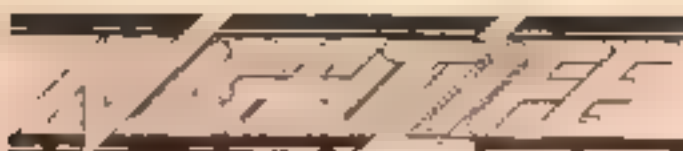
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and forget the dreary cold weather. The Smart Place (922 Arch St.) is new in town, and a refreshing addition to the Philadelphia circuit. There's a New York-style front window in The Smart Place. For a change you can actually see the outside world and feel a part of it. But, you may not want to look outside, considering the fine decor and the even finer patrons.

Some of the old stand-bys are still going strong and are every bit as pleasurable as they used to be. The Camp Williamsburg Inn (251 S. Camac) is one such place. Located on one of Philadelphia's beautiful old-city streets, the Camp is quite a place to while away an evening. Upstairs is a fine restaurant. The service is good and the food even better. Dinner for two with a couple of drinks, can be expected to be about \$10 or \$15.

Downstairs at the Camp is a cozy piano bar, complete with a working fireplace. Drinks are reasonably priced, and the atmosphere friendly.

In the same neighborhood (just down the street) is Maxine's (243 S. Camac). It's one of the oldest gay bars in the country and still

serves the gay community here in grand style. An elegant restaurant takes up part of the establishment. The food is prepared well and creatively. The owners are seriously thinking about opening the second floor as additional restaurant space because business is literally overflowing the present quarters.

Should either or both of these places be too crowded to fit you in stay on the same street. At 255 S. Camac you will find the Venture Inn, another delightful restaurant bar. Dim lighting, close quarters and reasonable prices make it a wonderful rendezvous.

Visiting Camac Street is almost like doing "one-stop" shopping.

Of course, Philadelphia offers much more than it ever used to, as a glance at any directory will tell you. All those awful Philadelphia jokes are as dead as some of their creators. There is something for every mood and almost every taste. If bars are not on your list of favorite places, then Philly has bath houses. If neither suit your fancy then there are a variety of social groups that meet weekly. There is also the Gay Community Center (326 Kater St.) Here is located the Gay Switchboard (928-1919) which is the key to finding out all

of the information you need to know to fill a cold winter's night.

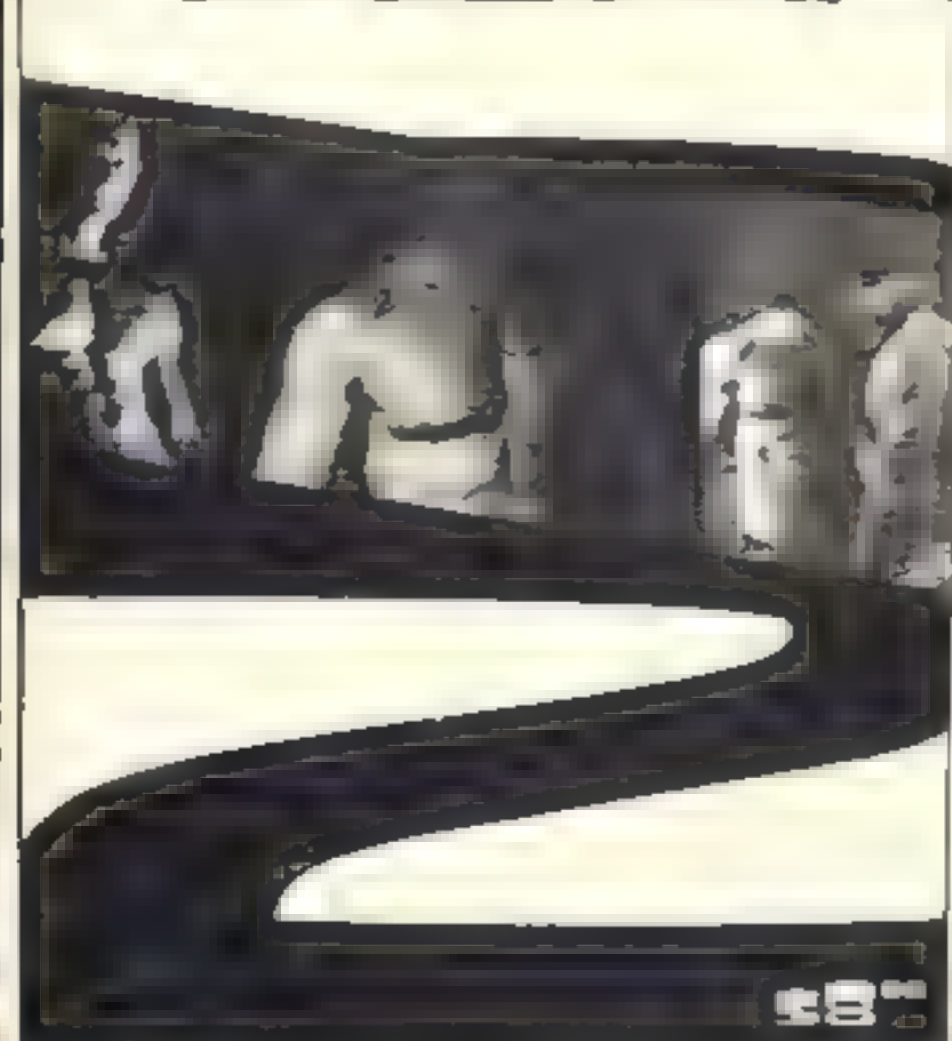
— Joseph R. De Marco

BOSTON

When the Playboy Club, located directly across from the Boston Public Gardens, discovered that its building was to be demolished in a controversial urban renewal project, it vacated its premises a year ahead of time. The place was taken over, revamped, renamed, and reopened as the Club Max, a mixed disco. Club Max has the customary stylishness: flat black walls, great expanses of mirror, large graphics, balconies, a sound system that puts the Concorde to shame. The crowd, so mixed that is only common attribute seems to be the ability to pay the cover charge, finds the club congenial, if anything that swings at 75 decibels can be called so. Club Max is fine for a night of fevered dancing, and there is something very pleasing in the notion that the Playboy Club was replaced by an establishment which recognizes and solicits our support — as evidenced by the Christmas party thrown in honor of the gay community a couple of weeks before the holiday.

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Only a few blocks away, other alterations were underway. The roaringly popular neighborhood leather-and-western bar Chaps closed its doors for a week, with promises of remodeling. The last time this happened, patrons noted the addition of no more than a set of handsome neon lights and were therefore not prepared for the complete change in the spirit of the place. The roughhewn walls were whitewashed, the pinball machines covered with a grass and bamboo shelter, tropical murals were painted on the walls, neon bananas set before the mirrors, and 'fifties' lampshades suspended above the pool table. The logo of the bar was executed in three different colors of glitter. It was as if Mildred Pierce had set up a Polynesian restaurant. Supposedly, the bar was trying to compete with the flashy Club Max, though this was not really necessary, since the clientele don't overlap much, and the new image was a general disappointment. However, late in the evening, when the crowd gets heavy, the changes are not much noticed, and the proportion and numbers of gorgeous men seem to have remained just about the same — and after all, that's what made the bar's reputation.

But the most encouraging, and certainly the most surprising, change about town was the opening of a gay bar in Cambridge. Why there had not been one before is due less to official discouragement than to the peculiar way in which liquor licenses are sold, purely in private transactions among bar-owners, and for fabulous sums. The Paradise Cafe was a small bar located near M.I.T., whose clientele was mostly blue-collar workers during the day; the place is set in an industrial section of the city, and so did not have a regular night-time crowd. The owners spruced the place up handsomely, and declared it gay, hoping for a considerable increase in night-time business. They were not disappointed, and say they're gratified by the support shown them by the gay community. Their business has grown steadily, and now the Paradise is probably the most enjoyable and pleasant bar in all of Boston. It is hoped now that other bar-owners in Cambridge will take the hint, and switch over; it is unthinkable that Harvard Square is without a gay bar — and that is a fortress that certainly deserves to tumble.

Somewhere is a friendly, predominantly women's bar in the financial district of Boston, and they have

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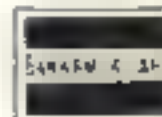
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Every Saturday afternoon, between 2 and 5:30 p.m., the Exile (9th St. and New York Ave.) uses its 12 Electro speakers to relay the Metropolitan Opera broadcast to its brunch crowd. The Exile's a good place to dance and cruise any time, by the way.

If you're planning just a quiet evening at home, stop by first at Lambda Rising (2012 "S" St. N.W.), our gay bookstore, for books and magazines (IN TOUCH, naturally) to pass the time. Always service with a smile.

— Greg Kodjanian

SAN DIEGO

San Diego's newest disco is the West Coast Production Company (1845 Hancock St.), with a hot light show and top quality sound. And with the lines to get into the bar reaching a city block at times, it's good to get there early.

Also on the disco scene is the New and Improved Barbary Coast (2431 Pacific Coast Highway). The oldest gay disco in California, the coast's entire bar has been gutted and modernized to the max with more dance floor and a new light system. The Different Drum (3175 India St.), the only gay bar in San Diego with go-go boys every night, has added a live deejay.

For those of us who are into the tubs, San Diego's two largest — the Vulcan (805 W. Cedar) and the Fourth Ave. Club (3955 4th Ave.) keep the city wondering which one will offer something new in the way of facilities. The Vulcan, which is within walking distance of the Barbary Coast, offers steam, sauna, jacuzzi pool and disco sound. The 4th Ave. Club offers a wild steam maze, a soon-to-be built leather room, more lockers and rooms than any other bath in town, and a sound system that is competition for the hottest discos.

For those of us who enjoy drag shows the Show Biz Supper Club (1421 University) celebrated their 9th anniversary Feb. 5 with a combo of great food and great entertainment.

Those who are more "F.U." oriented might check out The Hut (2581 University Ave.) — small,

but super for cruising. Bee Jay's (750 India St.) offered a great Feb. treat — a bus trip to Las Vegas, leaving the 25th for two days and one night, free beer over and back plus "other freebies" (of which kind I couldn't imagine). One really hot spot is the Hole (2820 Lytton). With free food on Wed. and Sun., this place is packed wall-to-wall with men, so if you like being that close to a lot of male flesh check it out. Speaking of male flesh, San Diego hosted its first "Mr. Leather, Mr. Levi, and Mr. Jock" contest Feb. 16 at the Ball Express (4025 Pacific Coast Highway).

Other than the bars and baths, San Diego has some gay businesses which are top in the field. The F Street Book Store (321 F St.) is open 24 hours a day, with a wide selection of excellent reading material. The Crypt with its many locations, (including The Hole, the 4th Ave. Baths, and its main store downtown at 33 Fourth Ave.) offers everything the imagination could think of. The Crypt hosted a memorable Christmas party for its customers, with live entertainment nobody could take their eyes off. If this is any indication what we can expect from the Crypt in this year, watch out San Diego!

If by this time you've worked up an appetite, may I recommend Mary's Tap Room located in the Club (2501 Kettner). The atmosphere is friendly and the food superb. Personal attention to each and every customer makes dining out fun.

This month (for golf freaks) is the world famous Andy Williams-San Diego Open, one of the best tournaments in the country. On the theater scene, *The Mon of La Mancha* played the Fox Theater (7th and B Sts.) while the Civic Theater (202 C St.) presented three excellent operas: *Falstaff*, *Madam Butterfly* and (no pun intended) *Love for Three Oranges*.

And one final social note — the visitors' bureau offers two pamphlets that must have been designed with us in mind: "Camping" and "Water Sports." Things are looking up.

— Brad Linville

ATLANTA

Jack Wrangler got a taste of Atlanta — and vice versa, if rumors can be believed — when he did two nights of sold-out shows at the Sweet Gum Head (2284 Chesure Bridge Rd.) and an autographing party at the Down Under bookstore (8th & Cypress).

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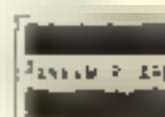
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He brought pictures along to sign, but some fans showed up with their own favorites.

Other visitors to the Sweet Gum Head were John Waters and Edith Massey with their new film, *Desperate Living*. It's Waters' highest-budgeted (\$65,000) picture yet, but no less outrageous than *Pink Flamingos* and *Female Trouble*. He says he wants to make his next one in "Smell-o-Vision." Edie, the "Egg Lady," said she hoped she wasn't so believable as a villain that her fans would think she really was like that. (You're safe on that score, Edie.)

Another club that's been bringing stars to town is the Magic Garden (1888 Cheshire Bridge Rd.). Besides having the hottest disco in town, their cabaret has been booking acts like Mimi Hines, Marcia Lewis, Gotham, David Summers and Grace Jones. All they need to have a first-class showplace is better insulation to keep the disco sound from distracting both performers and audiences.

Club Atlanta (76 4th St., N.W.) has had such success with their Dollar Night that they're expanding to "Dollar Weeks." The special rate for lockers is in effect from 8 a.m. Monday until 4 p.m. Friday.

Howard Brunner, whose production of *Fortune and Men's Eyes* may be running in New York by the time you read this, has started what he hopes will be an ongoing gay theater at Our Place (2065 Cheshire Bridge Rd.). The opening production, Michel Tremblay's *Hosanna*, which marked the "dramatic debut" of female impersonator LaVita Allen, had its problems, especially a humorless first act which made both characters too unsympathetic.

If you want to sample the above activity and much, much more, be among the thousands we're expecting to participate in the Southeastern Gay Conference, Mar 31-Apr. 2. It'll be a weekend of workshops, speeches, entertainment, consciousness-raising togetherness and anything else you can find the time, strength and inclination for. To get specific information, write the Conference office at 972 Peachtree St., N.E., Atlanta, GA 30309; or call (404) 872-1161.

Now the bad news. Our overzealous solicitor general, Hinson McAuliffe, won a footnote in history for making Atlanta only the second city (Cincinnati was the first) to close down Oh, Calcutta! (Our courts reopened it the next day.)

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The touring show was so bad it should never have opened, but that's beside the point. McAuliffe is also fighting to keep *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* off the stands. (Tomorrow IN TOUCH?) Getting on his list is becoming a status symbol!

Gene and Gabe's announced cabaret hit a snag and failed to open on schedule; but at this writing Manhattan Yellow Pages (in the downtown Omni International complex) and Showcase Cabaret (in Ansley Mall, Piedmont at Monroe Dr.) were offering super musical revues to healthy crowds. The Wits End Players have moved into the former Midnight Sun Dinner Theater (Peachtree Center So., downtown), which closed with one of its best productions, William Linton and Laura McDuffie (both sensational!) in *Stop the World - I Want to Get Off*.

The Winter Play Season at the Peachtree Playhouse (1150 Peachtree) made a lot of changes from the schedule we announced in the last issue. Still to come are Sada Thompson in *The Housekeeper*, Mar. 7-19, and Lyle Waggoner in *Come Blow Your Horn*, Mar. 21-Apr. 2.

Alliance Theater Company, in the Memorial Arts Center (15th

and Peachtree) will be doing Preston Jones' *Lu Ann Hampton Laverdy Oberlander* Mar. 16-Apr. 1, followed by *The Taming of the Shrew*, opening Apr. 13. Academy Theater (1374 W. Peachtree) opens *Long Day's Journey into Night* on Mar. 23.

The touring production of *Bubbling Brown Sugar* plays the Fox Theater (660 Peachtree) Mar. 9-11. Also scheduled there are concerts by the Lettermen on Mar. 3 and Luciano Pavarotti Mar. 4.

The dogwoods bloom early in April hereabouts — the rest of us never stop.

— Steve Warren

CHICAGO

Probably the most exciting bar to open in Chicago in the past 3 years is Center Stage (3730 N. Clark). Owned by Chicago gay businessman Chuck Renslow of Man's Country Baths (5015 N. Clark), the triple-floored establishment is going full force after its fall opening.

Formerly a straight community theater, the 1927 structure was extensively restored. Assistant manager Tony Lewis, 30, says the idea be-

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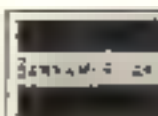
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hind Center Stage is "to provide the crowds with a friendly party atmosphere whether they're alone or with their own little party. We want this place to be friendlier than any other bar."

The large carpeted downstairs holds a cabaret seating 150-175 persons at small tables. The initial acts booked have been mediocre, unknown names, but plans are underway for top names like Grace Jones, Sylvester, and — although unlikely — Donna Summer. The cabaret also has a real spring-fed fountain, discovered during the remodeling. The idea was nice, but the Miami-Beach outcome does not fit with the room's otherwise sharp decor.

Two bars in a windowed room view the cabaret with the performer's voice piped in through excellent speakers. There are also two pong tables and several pinball machines. Target Studio's superb beefcake artist, Etienne, painted a gorgeous wall graphic behind one of the bars.

The second floor boasts a spacious 3800 square dance floor with a balcony including small tables for conveniently watching the action below.

The disco arena's main highlight is the psychedelic four-color laser light system — reportedly \$55,000 worth. Assistant manager Lewis claims only four of these units exist in the U.S. Alternating with the lasers is a bank of four strobes and six carousel projectors flashing slides depicting unusual landscapes, city scenes, and hunky models. Many of the erotic beefcake shots were designed by Target Studios.

Lavish spreads of free fruits, vegetables, assorted munchies, coffee and ice water are always available either near the dance floor or downstairs. There are also three bars serving off the disco arena.

Besides the entrance lobby, the main floor also includes Male Hide II, a unique clothing store selling attractive masculine clothing from disco wear to flannel shirts. Their hours at press time are 4-midnight Wed. and Thurs.; and 4 p.m.-2 a.m. Fri. and Sat.

Future plans call for wild neon sculptures in the lobby, a small dance floor in the cabaret, a record store and a fast food restaurant.

Unlike New York, Center Stage is Chicago's only official gay club with a standard \$1 cover charge. Free memberships can be gotten when sponsored by a member, but Tony Lewis insists out-of-town non-members will not be hassled. "All

we ask is they show proof they belong to another gay establishment whether it's a bar or bath," he comments.

As great as Center Stage appears upon first glance, it is not without its few problems. The cabaret should probably be eliminated. Unlike the coasts, where the record industry thrives, there isn't enough good Chicago talent to continually fill the room. Booking acts from other cities is too expensive, ultimately, increasing one's overhead beyond sensible range.

As much as we sometimes pretend, Chicago is not New York. Yet, we have our own distinctive style. If Center Stage is to succeed, it should develop from that idea rather than attempt being a quasi-New York club. Center Stage's downstairs cabaret should probably be turned into a sizzling cruise bar. Owner Chuck Renslow should save his money and book acts like Grace Jones or Chita Rivera only occasionally, featuring them on the dance arena's large stage. The cover charge could be understandably increased and large pillows thrown around the room for seating.

A cruise bar is needed in this establishment. People like nothing better than boogieing and later cruising for a possible late night dessert. It is difficult meeting in discos because everyone is there for one main purpose: dancing. Also, one usually arrives with a dance partner and someone interesting may not know whether your partner is a lover or a friend. The cruise bar could fulfill this purpose. One can certainly meet others at Center Stage, but there is no sense having mediocre weekly talent playing to a mostly empty room when that area could be put to better use.

Also, the dance area is a little too stagnant, lacking a spontaneous outrageousness. A few well-built go-go boys are probably needed. Whether you're young or old, attractive or ugly, there is nothing more stimulating than a sweaty dancer strutting his stuff. The possibilities are limitless: from jugglers to gymnasts. Good discos are created through its circusy characters and if they're absent, the effect may be beautiful, but plastic.

Nevertheless, these problems may be worked out with time. Chuck Renslow is an astute-enough businessman to correct these faults. It's like Tony Lewis says: "We have the facilities to provide our 800 members with what they want. All they have to do is just let us know."

— Bill Lumen

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CHEAP TRICK

(continued from page 73)

3 or 4 albums," he states matter-of-factly.

Later, on stage, he struts, mock-attacks his audience with his bass, rolls his eyes, and bombards a table in the front with a hail of guitar-picks (all inscribed with his name). He also kicks the photographer kneeling in front of the stage, then grins. It's all in good fun. The audience loves it. They're up on their feet and cheering. It's hard to catch the lyrics, sometimes, but it all sounds so good together, instruments and voices blending, that it really doesn't matter. Some favorites: "Clock strikes Ten," "Oh Caroline," and "Southern Girls." Rick is constantly in motion on the small stage, climbing up on a speaker to touch the ceiling, jumping down on one foot and immediately racing across the stage, electric cord trailing behind. Tom and Robin get into some harmonies, smiling, heads close, as they use one mike together. Bunny keeps the driving rhythm going, and his cigarette too. True to his image, he never smiles. On stage, that is.

How did this motley group ever get together?

Well, strange as that may seem, Rick and Tom have known each other for over ten years, and their personalities are actually very much alike. They played together in groups that shall remain unnamed, based in Chicago, where they all live now. Robin came from Fairbanks, Alaska, via Kansas. He used to win medals in school for his singing, later learned to play the guitar and became a folk singer in the Midwest. Bun E. Carlos was always a loner, heavily into the Beatles, accompanying their records with his drum set.

And they travelled to Europe at different times, impressed by the "professional approach to music that many American bands lack," doing studio work and generally bumming around a bit. To be honest, they did a lot of learning and a lot of starving in Europe. Especially Tom. After finishing some studio work in Ireland, he went to Germany, but nothing was happening for him there. So, one day he sat down and wrote a glowing letter to his friend Rick. Stomach grumbling, he talked about "the great job he had landed" with a super band and that Rick "should come over immediately."



Lead guitarist Robin Zander strikes a pose.

Rick believed the letter, dropped everything and left to Europe on the next flight. Only his sense of humor kept him from strangling Tom on the spot. The pair continued to starve together for a while, living on a houseboat and playing little clubs. Then they ran into Bun E. and took off together to the South of France (better weather, easier living) looking for a singer. Robin just happened to hang around there. He was off on a summer vacation and told them that he could sing. "I had to re-learn everything" he recalls, smiling, "because this was my first rock band." The other three only found out later that Robin was also a very good guitarist. They rehearsed a lot, then went

to Paris to try their luck in the clubs in the Quartier Latin, the student area of the city. One day, in a small cafe, Ken Adamany heard them, loved them, packed them up and sent them back home. "I'll be your manager," he told them. "You're great." He's been supervising their career ever since.

Now, two albums later, they hang around together all the time, with music their main interest and pastime. They concentrate more seriously on their career, as their confidence grows. Their audiences are mixed—they appeal universally to guys and girls. Robin, especially, is the one who turns everybody on. He knows it. And loves it.

When the group goes on Mini-Tours, not too far from Chicago, they prefer to travel in the "Trick-House," their mobile home, (which is rumored to also house Rick's pet tarantula). ("Well, if your pretty, you attract just about anything" a friend of mine quipped, not particularly shaken.)

They're an easygoing bunch, hard to characterize, individualists all, but flexible enough to blend together really well. Tom will eat anything, if you put it on a plate in front of him. The other three tend to favor really good well-prepared food. Rick collects hotel room keys and guitars, which are harder to keep an eye on. He owns about 40, currently, but they're all in different places. "I've learned a lesson after losing my initial collection to a thief," he says seriously.

Their collective goal in life: "make tons more good music and many, many records." It's easy if you're that talented, and willing to work as hard as they do. No tricks necessary! ●●



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